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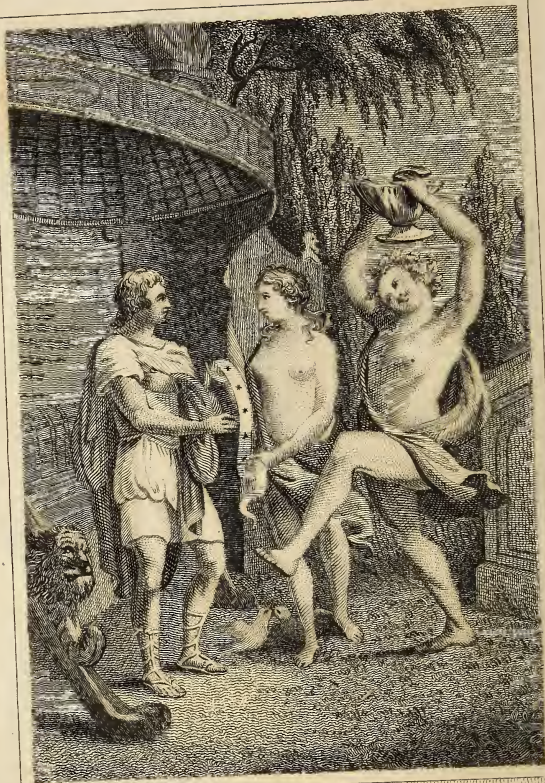
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DOBELL COLLECTION



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THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS:
OR
THE POETS OF ROME.

THE
MUSE
IN
IDLENESS.

BY D. W. PAYNTER.
David Willmott
AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF "EURYPILUS."

"Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd-for, if she come at all."
POPE,

MANCHESTER:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. AND J. HARROP, IN THE
MARKET-PLACE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE heterogeneous *Children*, disposed herein according to their respective temperaments, having lived for a considerable time, (several of them, indeed, longer than a seven-years' Apprenticeship,) idle and unprofitable Members of their Father's Household,—are sent into the World, in order to make some sort of Provision for themselves; yet with no other recommendation, (Heaven help them!) than *self-report*,—which, by the way, People of thoughtful discretion and forecast consider but a scurvily-slender Loop, whereby to suspend so pretty a Gimcrack as HOPE!

However, if All of them prove honest enough to escape *the Jail of Infamy*,—and even One (be it the veriest Dapperling amongst them,) have sufficient address to gain a *Settlement* in THE REPUBLIC

OF LETTERS,—the Parent's most *lively* Expectations will be answered, to the full: and He gives his assurance to the whole BENCH of *worshipful* CRITICS, that it will not *entirely* break his heart, (though, peradventure, 'tis pretty well fraught with *fatherly affection*,) to behold the rest of his Offspring, each by virtue of a *Vagabond's Pass*, return—in rags—to their native *Parish* of OBSCURITY.

Hulme, November, 1819.

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ERRATUM.

Page 127, Line 7—for PETRACH, read PETRARCH.

DWARFISH WARFARE;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF THE FAIRIES.

“ ——— Sharp were their encounters.”
DRAYTON'S NYMPHIDIA.

SOME months were spent in wordy frays,

'Twixt OBERON, the King of Fays,

And certain Nobles of his Court :

The Sire, at length, in wrathful vein,

'Gan threat he'd either calmly reign,—

Or speedily to arms resort :

For, if QUEEN MAB, who, t'other night,

Appear'd to me, reveal'd aright,

These factious Courtiers long had sought

To render void a special Law,—

And make in sundry Acts a flaw,—

Holding her Consort's pow'r at naught.

Howe'er it was, the King decreed—
 The malcontents, anon, should bleed,—
 Or patiently endure his yoke :
 He summon'd all his faithful Peers,—
 The brave in youth, the wise in years,—
 And from the Throne, with choler, spoke :—

“ Shall We, who have the sceptre sway'd,
 Time out of mind,—belov'd, obey'd,—
 To such a trait'rous horde submit?”
 “ It may not be !” each Peer reply'd ;—
 “ It shall not be !” the Monarch cry'd ;—
 “ We'll humble them,—or fight for it.”

When PUCK proclaim'd the royal threat,
 The rebel Fairies seem'd to jet,—
 But, with light heels, from Court they scamper'd ;
 And, after many a fearful fall,
 They, panting, reach'd PIGWIGGEN's Hall,—
 And with that Hero shrewdly tamper'd.

Lord COB-WEB, their Arch-Leader, first—
 Tho' he was well nigh chok'd with thirst—
 The Chief persuasively address'd ;
 And brave PIGWIGGEN, all the while,
 Around him cast a courteous smile,—
 And ev'ry Peer, by turns, caress'd.

“ We come,” cry’d COB-WEB, bending low ;

“ We come, with heavy hearts, to show

Th’ injustice of the Fairy King ;

Who, sith we laugh’d to scorn the * *Bruit*

Of his becoming absolute,—

Hath sworn, we straight shall feel his sting.

“ It joys me much,” PIGWIGGEN said ;

“ There live such Fays,—who dare make head

Against the mad-brain’d tyrant’s rule :

’Twould joy me more, could you but prove

To this vain Mimic of great Jove,

What ’tis to play the sceptred fool !”

Quoth COB-WEB, “ We behold in thee

The very Soul of Chivalry !

Say, must we lack thy needful aid ?

Must OBERON, resistless, frame

Hard Laws, to make our Freedom lame,—

And on our Rights, exulting, tread ?”

This said, PIGWIGGEN shook his crest ;

And, smiting thrice his brawny chest,—

These warlike accents, rumbling, fell :

“ The Lion, now, hath left his Lair,—

So, let the wolfish King beware,—

Or, by the Gods, I’ll make him yell !”

Hereat, the animated Lords,
O'th' instant drew their furbish'd swords,—

And gave, at once, a manful shout,—
Which caus'd the arched Hall to ring;
And while they thus defy'd the King,
The lusty Chieftain stalk'd about !

But, lest my legend should grow stale,
By speaking in too close detail,—
'Twere good, methinks, forthwith to state—
The Hero and his Guests agree
To pass the night with revelry;
And in gay fellowship they sate.

Their Wine was dew from cowslip-plains,—
Which soon takes hold of Fairy brains;
And this they quaff'd with hearty will:
Nor did a single Peer think meet
To leave, for downy couch, his seat,—
Till he had quite carous'd his fill.

'Twas late, or e'er they went to bed,—
And all were passing light of head,—
So deep and strong were their potations:
The flust'ring vapours snor'd away,
They freshly rose at break of day,—
And, in grave Council, took their stations.

While yet the Morn on mountain play'd,
 Their martial plans were deftly laid ;

And ere Hyperion's steeds had drawn
 The God on high, some ten-score Fays,
 Arm'd cap-a-pie,—by various ways,
 Assembled on PIGWIGGEN's lawn.

A fourth of them on Spiders rode,—
 And fifty more brown Ants bestrode,—

Whose trappings made a goodly show ;
 For, by shrewd Artists, they were wrought
 Of scarlet down, from India brought,—

Which, erst, on Humming-Birds did grow.

Their lances' heads were nettle-stings,—
 The staves tough bones from crickets' wings ;

And these were by their saddles slung :
 Their greaves were made of gadflies' tails,—
 Their cuirasses of gudgeon-scales ;

And from their girdles falchions hung.

These swords, which through a scönce would pass,
 Were fram'd, I trow, of charmed grass,—

Found where the Fays dance rigadoons :
 Their helms were little silver shells,
 Exempt from all such fairy spells :—

These were PIGWIGGEN's *Light Dragoons*.

The other moiety, five-score,
 The skins of jetty Beetles wore;
 Their swords were whiskers of the Bee:
 Young perches' fins, as pikes, they trail'd,—
 Which, in the sharpest broils, ne'er fail'd:—
 And these were his *Light Infantry*.

The standards of the Cavalries
 Were chequer'd wings of Butterflies,
 Cut out, I ween, in little squares:
 The Footmen's banners were the same,—
 Tho' somewhat of a diff'rent frame;—
 And each were borne by Knights, in pairs.

Among the Troopers, might be seen
 Four comely Fairies, clad in green;
 And they on mettled Emmets sat:
 Each, by his side, a cutlass wore,—
 And, as a brazen trumpet, bore
 The small proboscis of a Gnat.

Lords COB-WEB, GOSSAMER, and GORSE,
 Were equal Gen'als of the Horse;
 And they on Lady-cows were mounted:
 VETCH-BLOSSOM, BARLEY-BEARD, and SMUT,
 Were full Commanders of the Foot;
 And gallant Peers were all accounted.

PIGWIGGEN, Gen'ralissimo,
 Was bravely mail'd, from top to toe;
 And shone more gairishly than Mars:
 A pinion'd Hornet was his Steed,—
 His Aid-de-Camp fierce MUSTARD-SEED:
 A Sun he seem'd, beset with Stars.

When he his Army 'gan review,
 The trumpets, in shrill concord, blew,—
 And at its head he took his post:
 Three-times, the Foot and Horsemen shout;
 And wheeling, in a trice, about,—
 Away they march,—a valiant Host!

O'er swampy grounds, thro' many a grove,
 And 'midst thick clouds of dust, they move;
 Oft fording muddy, inch-broad brooks:—
 Besmirch'd with toilsome travel's stain,
 They reach, at length a vasty plain;
 O'er which the Elfin Palace looks.

This plain was stump of gnarled Oak,
 Fell'd by the trenchant Hatchet's stroke;
 And now 'twas mantled o'er with moss:
 Round as the ruddy apple's cheek,—
 And, peradventure, full as sleek;—
 Five Fairy miles, or more, across.

KING OBERON, by means of PUCK,
 Who at no pains, or crosses, stuck,—
 Meanwhile, had all his Forces muster'd;
 Amounting to three-hundred Fays,—
 Who now, before his royal gaze,
 In the great park, like Insects, cluster'd.

At all points, Infantry and Horse
 Were arm'd, like t'other Pow'rs, of course,—
 For Fairy weapons are the same:
 On Grasshoppers ten-score were seated;
 The rest, on foot, their Sov'reign greeted,—
 Who, in a burnish'd chariot, came.

It was, in sooth, a gorgeous car,
 Which might, perchance, be view'd afar,—
 So marvellous it seem'd, in size:
 Of glossy chesnut's rind 'twas made,—
 With golden sand and pearls inlaid;
 And on its front shone Paddock's eyes.

With Silkworm's spinstery 'twas lin'd,
 Which cunning craftsmen had refin'd,—
 And dy'd of sheerest Tyrian hue:
 The wheels were form'd of slender reeds,
 Bestudded o'er with glist'ning beads,—
 And painted of a violet-blue.

'Twas drawn by two Assyrian Wasps,
 Whose wings were yok'd with argent clasps,—
 Made of the Colewort's silv'ry spang:
 Their traces were adorn'd with shells,
 Which bore the form of Morris-bells,—
 And, with a tinkling music, rang.

Erect, with spear in dexter hand,
 He mov'd before his loyal band,—
 And ev'ry Fay was wonder-struck:
 In jewel'd armour he was dress'd;
 The down of Cygnet was his crest;—
 His charioteer, the minion PUCK.

Dukes MILDEW, MOTH, and MURKY-DAY,
 Had o'er the Horsemen sov'reign sway;
 For in their veins ran princely blood:
 The Foot was nobly captain'd, too,
 By DEWLAP, WHISP, and MEADOW-SHREW,—
 Who in the King's good graces stood.

Their ensigns, which young Courtiers bore,
 Were webs, thrice dipp'd in Lizard's gore,—
 And fringed round with Weasel's hair:
 The tassels were of velvet nap,
 Pluck'd from the yellow Horse-fly's chap;—
 These, jointly, made a warlike glare.

The Monarch scarce had view'd his train,
 When, gloating tow'rd's the nether plain,
 PIGWIGGEN's Pow'rs his eye-ball met:
 And, ere he from his posture stirr'd,
 His dauntless Army, wond'ring, heard
 The rebel trumpet's loud Levet.

A lustier challenge ne'er was sent
 From throat of martial instrument;
 And gallantly 'twas answer'd, too:
 His * Clarioneers wound forth a blast,
 Which had for t'others' Echo pass'd,—
 But that they somewhat shriller blew.

Straight waxing hot, th' imperial Chief
 His hardy Troops address'd, in brief,—
 For thrifty speaking was his wont:
 “ My liefest Warriors, Liegemen, Friends,—
 On this day's strife our State depends!—
 Now, meet we rebels, front to front!”

And, brandishing his barbed lance,
 He bade his cogent Host advance
 Against th' embattled Pow'rs, amain:
 In one well-marshall'd square combin'd,—
 Like dust before the ruffian wind,
 They scour, all shouting, to the plain.

* Trumpeters.

PIGWIGGEN's War, in firm array,
 Observ'd their rush without dismay;
 Yea, like a sturdy forest stood,—
 Which braves the tempest, looking down
 From beetling cloud, with hideous frown,—
 And menacing a direful flood.

At length, the Royal Horse appear
 (The Foot close crowding, in their rear,)
 Upon the field's extremest marge;—
 And pressing on, with rounder pace,
 Anon, the adverse Elves they face,—
 And make, at once, a furious charge.

The King essay'd, with might and main,
 Their Cavalry to break in twain;
 But thrice he strove and was repuls'd;—
 When, turning sharp upon his Fays,
 He call'd them *rascal Runaways!*
 And was with veriest wrath convuls'd.

This objurgation smote with shame
 The conscious Troops,—who now became
 More fierce than Indian tigers are;
 And falling on, with sword in hand,
 They forc'd PIGWIGGEN from his stand,—
 And broke, at last, thro' ev'ry bar.

But he, by pow'r of special wit,
 Straightways his sever'd line re-knit,—
 And 'gan repay the King's aggression:
 His gallant Elves he scorn'd to chide,—
 Who dealt home blows, on ev'ry side,—
 And told their tale, without digression.

Mad *Atè*, in good earnest, now,
 Display'd her deeply-furrow'd brow,—
 Which look'd, at once, inflam'd and surly;
 And whisking on, from rank to rank,
 Each Warrior from her chalice drank,—
 And all was boist'rous hurly-burly.

Pikes, swords, and spears, tumultuous clash'd,
 And helms, in rapid motion, flash'd;
 Strict order, nathless, was observ'd;
 The hostile Chiefs bestowing praise,
 Alike, upon their sev'ral Fays;
 Who, bravely coping, praise deserv'd.

While, thus, the broil was at its heat,
 Poor * ROBIN toppled from his seat;—
 It prov'd, alas! a shrewd disaster:
 The chariot-steeds, unrein'd, took fright,—
 And scamper'd off, as if in flight;—
 The Sov'reign bawl'd,—they ran the faster.

A panic fear now seiz'd his host,
Who, villainously, left their post,—

And with his foes no longer squabbled :
Pell-mell, the flying King they follow'd,—
(Who, still, to his mad coursers hollow'd,)

And PUCK, sore bruised, after hobbled.

PIGWIGGEN marvell'd at the sight,—
For ne'er was seen so strange a flight ;

And had not of pursuit bethought him,
Till Captain BARLEY-BEARD, by dint
Of a most sage and well-tim'd hint,
Back to his proper wits had brought him.

Then, eagerly he 'gan the chase,—
And coursing o'er the field, apace,

Outstripp'd, as 'twere, the nimble wind ;
A straggling Horseman, first, o'ertaking,—
Who was, in churlish fashion, shaking
Poor PUCK,—on crupper perch'd, behind.

This Trooper's name was TURNIP-BLIGHT,
Who had no stomach for the fight,—

So swoln he was with frequent quaffing :
Yet soundly he belabour'd PUCK,—
Who roar'd so lustily, when struck,
That all the Rebels fell a laughing.

A sorry jade he rode, call'd *Stubble*,—
 Who'd ne'er been wont to carry double;
 And 'twas, e'en now, the DOG's own * *weather*:
 Her hind legs caught in Gossamer,
 She paw'd the ground, but could not stir;—
 And down fell PUCK and 'BLIGHT together!

Leaving these two puissant Elves,
 To end their dudgeon by themselves,
 PIGWIGGEN, now, pursu'd his course;
 And scour'd away at such a pace,
 That soon he came *within an ace*
 Of OBERON's disorder'd force.

The Sire had taken bootless pains
 To clutch the slack and ruffled reins;
 And he was nearly piecemeal shook:
 Nor could he check his steeds a whit,
 Till they the open field had quit,—
 And dragg'd him nigh a rippling brook.

This stream, which Fays a river call'd,
 Along a bosky hillock brawl'd;
 And, here, he scarce had fetch'd a breath,
 When, tow'rds him, he with stound beheld
 His Pow'rs, who, like whipp'd Spaniels, yell'd,
 Flying, as 'twere, 'twixt Life and Death.

“Stand, villains!—None but recreants flee!”

Cry'd OBERON, full twittingly;—

But unregardful of his hest,—

With great PIGWIGGEN at their heels,

Who proudest hope of conquest feels,—

Still further from the field they press'd.

As when a roisting hurricane

Sweeps, with wild roar, the droughty plain,

Sear leaves and dust, imbodyed, fly;

So, when the Rebels, at their backs,

“Victoria!” shout,—and give them thwacks,—

They, headlong, to the river hie.

And soon upon its banks appearing,—

PIGWIGGEN, still, behind them, cheering,—

They halt not,—but together leap

(Before them, in their hurried course,

Driving their sov'reign Lord, perforce,)

Into the broad and gurgling *Deep*.

Their adversaries swift pursu'd;

And, now, a fearful fight ensu'd,—

More sharp than that which rag'd, of old,

'Twixt GREEKS and TROJANS, high of blood,

In fleet Scamander's surgy flood,—

As by sage Homer we are told.

Dragoons and Foot, promiscuous, coping,—
Some dastardiz'd, and others hoping,—

 Their fulgent arms were blurr'd with gore :
And many a stiff and doughty Fay,
Unhors'd and wounded, in the fray,
 Swam, with vast travail, to the shore.

Some minutes, here, the war had flam'd,—
Steeds drown'd and slaughter'd,—Fairies maim'd ;

 When, lo ! they quit the liquid plain,—
All weary of such wat'ry strife ;
And mustering, with freshen'd life,
 Encounter on dry land, again.

The Royalists, in fear's despite,
Oppose the rebel host, with might,—
 Receiving and retorting blows :
The adverse Chief seems inly vex'd ;
His Warriors fight, as if perplex'd ;—
 And, now, the conflict equal grows.

Just at this point, while Vict'ry stood
In doubtful and impatient mood,—

 A Fay, call'd DEATH-WATCH,—Courtier bred,
And most pre-eminently gifted,—
With toil, a small, round pebble lifted,—
 And hurl'd it at PIGWIGGEN's head.

The stricken hero, bleeding, fell
 Sheer from his seat, with grievous yell;

Whereat, his Troops deep groanings vent:—
 The King avails him of their sadness,—
 And, with an ardour nigh to madness,
 Assaults them to their hearts' content.

Their whole array, for aye, confounded,—
 Their trumpets, now, a Parley sounded,—

But OBERON attended not;
 Still bandying them at such a rate,
 There scarce remain'd a rebel's pate,
 That had not some shrewd fissure got.

“Yield, braggarts!—yield!” he hoarsely bawls;—
 “Lo, where your vaunting Leader sprawls!”

His voice the fainting Host alarms;
 Who, by degrees, from strife desist;
 And, soon, unable to resist,—
 Throw down, at once, their lawless arms.

Acclaims of triumph mount the skies;
 Brisk ECHO, from her cell, replies;
 The Vanquish'd gnash their teeth, with fear;
 And, when the loud rejoicings end,
 They, with repentant aspects, bend,—
 And, thrice, unfeign'd Allegiance swear.

Hard Vengeance and soft Pity strove,
By turns, the Victor's heart to move;—

The tearful Nymph, at last, was crown'd :
For, while he to her accents listen'd,
In either eye her waters glisten'd,—

And Vengeance, in a twinkling, drown'd.

By virtue of a potent Charm,
Th' entranced *Peer was freed from harm,—

And, in submission, bow'd his Noll :
Each wounded and dismember'd Fay
No longer in sore anguish lay,—

But, like the Chief, was charmed whole.

Those twain arch-wranglers, PUCK and 'BLIGHT,
Soon, cheek by jowl, appear'd in sight ;

And up they came, becraz'd with wonder :
The Sire his Minion 'gan embrace,—
And bade him take his wonted † Place,—

Without rebuke for his past blunder.

The leagued Hosts, in perfect love,
Now, tow'rds the FAIRY PALACE move,—

That Raven, Darkness, hov'ring near :
PIGWIGGEN by the King was seated—
Not like a Renegade defeated,—

But as a well-deserving Peer !

* PIKWIGGEN.

† As Charioteer.

At length, they reach'd its outward gate,—

(Then, by the way, 'twas waxing late ;

For they, some time, had been benighted ;)

And filing through,—the FABRIC found,

From high-most turret to the ground,

With Glow-worms' tails full sheenly lighted.

The Troops disband, with three stout cheers ;—

The Sov'reign, and his gallant Peers,

Their bodies from stiff mail release ;

And vesting them in smug array,

They blithly feast till break of day ;

And, thus, confirm the new-made PEACE.

Ye dainty Critics ! madcap railers !

Who talk of *grace*, like sloven tailors,—

Clepe not my Muse a giddy flyer,—

For palming this rude * *Counterfeit*

Upon your all-discerning Wit !—

'Gainst MAB inveigh,—for she's the LIAR.

* A most soberly-discreet and deeply-profound Commentator, hath given it as his stedfastly-fixed opinion, that this seemingly-ambiguous, or rather, doubtful *Word*, is purely—that is to say—merely metaphorical,—signifying a *Fable*; or (to speak somewhat less abstrusely, and in plainer English.) a *Tale of Fiction*: however, 'tis not by any means intended, or designed, to offer, or impose, a single, individual, solitary, and unsupported opinion, to or upon the learned World, as wholly, entirely, and in every point, correct,—till the *Word itself* hath been brought to the Cupel,

THE SOLITARY BARD.

“ ——— Life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in ev’ry thing.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow’r,
The luxury of Courts, or wealth of Cities?”

OTWAY.

FAR from the tumult of the busy world,
In bosky vale, which Nature’s own fair hand
Had daintily trick’d out with herbage, fruits,
And party-colour’d flow’rs,—whose redolence
Lent softness to the shrewdly-brackish lips
Of Ocean’s free-born breeze,—which oft would play
The am’rous libertine,—and rudely kiss
Their virgin buds, unfolding to the day,—
BASSANIO’S artless Cot securely stood.

Test, or Touchstone, of the wisely-circumspect, and critically-judicious Gentlemen, addressed in the conclusive Stanza, or finishing Verse; wherein it so singularly, unaccountably, and strangely occurs.

CIRCUMBENDIUS CLIMAX.

Its thatched roof, scarce higher than the shrubs
 That hemm'd it in, was clad with russet moss,—
 O'er which thick tufts of reptile ivy crawl'd;
 And, like a velvet canopy of state,
 Emboss'd with silken leaves, it gayly show'd.—

'Twas seated on the margin of a lake,—
 Which serv'd as treas'ry to a gentle spring,—
 Whose silver waters, trilling swift adown
 The sides of naked cliff, and murm'ring o'er
 The sheen embroid'ry of the valley's slope,
 Afforded it a constant plenitude;
 And while 'twas thus eternally supply'd,
 Its superflux pass'd, idly, to the sea;
 Which, westward of the vale, sublimely peer'd.

Full in its centre, languishingly sad,
 The tearful willow of Euphrates grew;
 Whose drooping branches, if but slightly stirr'd
 By Zephyr's chary breath, would fondly bow,—
 And stealing grief-drops from the ambient flood,
 Weep, like a sullen maid, for very pastime.
 But when mad Boreas was in boist'rous mood,
 And, ruffian-like, spar'd neither shrub nor tree,
 Its chafed boughs would lash the ruffled lake,—

And, as a peevish termagant subdu'd,
Let fall abundance of unwilful tears.

Tow'rds the gruff North, a chain of vasty hills
Look'd scornfully upon the nether meads,—
Which, when invested with the robe of June,
Reproach'd the mountains, for their barrenness.—
Fronting the Cot, a little planched gate,
On wicker hinges, with a chirping sound
Play'd to and fro;—on either side of which,
Soft-scented woodbine and fair jasmine thriv'd,—
And form'd a sort of natural alcove.

In this sweet spot,—this truly blessed spot,—
Which might be call'd *The Muses' Paradise*,—
A tuneful BARD, whose worth Fame's sounding trump
Ne'er blazon'd forth, was born ; and lonely dwelt,
With joys and griefs far different to those
Which slavish worldlings, 'midst their traffic, feel,—
From infancy to ripest adolescence,—
From lusty manhood to extremest eld.

His Sire, who, in the heyday noon of life,
Cloy'd with the luxuries of garnish'd pomp,
Hither retir'd, on wreck of princely wealth,

And with a Yokemate, chaste as Vesta's self,—
 Transfus'd into his mind the hate of pride,—
 Which soon begat a gust for solitude;
 And, tho' himself pre-eminently vers'd
 In the rich fruitage of old GREECE and ROME,
 Made him but master of his mother-tongue.

Curious in converse, museful when alone,
 BASSANIO, ere his well-lov'd Parents dy'd,
 Had learn'd to reason with acumen apt,—
 And trace th' effect back to its veiled cause.—
 While yet a stripling, frolicksome and hale,
 His nimble fancy oft would conjure up
 Poetic visions from the painted flow'rs;
 Which, presently, his willing pen would clothe
 In neatly-rustic garbs,—and give them life.

'Twould joy his fervent soul to rise betimes,
 While Lucifer, the planet of the morn,
 Glow'd in the Orient, with assuring gaze;
 And mark the flushing of Aurora's cheeks,
 Till, by degrees, they brighten'd into Day.—
 When, high above the brown-rob'd eastern hills,
 Th' imperial Sun spread out his golden locks,
 And gave his blessing to the roscid fields,—

The youthful BARD, unweariedly, would range
 The upland and the vale,—and, as he walk'd,
 Frame, with wild ecstasy, the joyous lay;
 Or, seating him beside a brawling brook,
 In pensive posture, plan the mournful tale.

At Even, 'twas his constant wont to stray
 Upon the sea's wide beach; and there observe
 The fiery Orb descend the Occident,—
 And purpling half the welkin with his glow,
 Sublimely sink into his briny bed.—
 When black-wing'd darkness brooded o'er the earth,
 Allowing scarce one little star to peer,—
 His phrensy oft would lead him to the brink
 Of headlong steep; and there he fearless stood,
 List'ning the hollow chorus of the winds,—
 And Neptune hoarsely bidding them be hush;—
 Or gazing, wistful, on the murky clouds;
 Which wildly mov'd athwart the trackless arch,—
 Presenting to the eye unnumber'd forms
 Of rugged monsters, crags, and lofty domes.

Tho' Nature's turns escape the vulgar note,
 Each day surpris'd BASSANIO's prying soul
 With new and special hints; which, suddenly,

His Muse would make her own,—and build thereon
 The stately Epic, or the sylvan song.—
 As judgment mellow'd, Fancy's needless bloom,
 Like Autumn-leaves, forsook the tree, apace;
 And, now, his genius (erst, a hot-mouth'd Steed
 That curveted at will,) was bridled in;
 And pac'd the nobler for its vassalage.—
 The goodly Ethics which his Sire had taught,
 Ofttimes, were summon'd to the Muse's aid,—
 And smoothly flow'd in full, persuasive verse.—
 Vast were his themes,—and, ever and anon,
 His numbers varied, with the changing year.

When Spring appear'd, in cowslip-spangled vest,—
 Like dance of Fairies, trippingly they mov'd,—
 Or softly murmur'd, with the limpid rill:
 While laughing Summer bask'd in rosy bow'r,
 His Pæans were the echo of her joy,—
 Infusing transport, like the jocund harp:
 When russet Autumn 'midst her orchards smil'd,
 The dulcet Ode, like strain of warbling lute,
 Entranc'd the Soul, as 'twere, by witchery:
 And when the Seasons' rev'rend Grandsire came,
 With beard of icicles, and head of snow,—

The Epopœa slowly march'd along,
In all the gorgeous majesty of Rhyme.

What, tho' his home no faithful Housewife cheer'd,—
Nor prattling Children gamboll'd round his chair,—
His pregnant Mind supply'd the want of all;
The Muse his Mate,—her Progeny his Babes'!
And when, at intervals, their converse paus'd,
The brief cessation ne'er remain'd a void,—
For mighty SHAKESPEARE was his bosom-guest;—
Whose Verse such sweet variety disclos'd,
That he, with veriest pertinence, might deem
His Hut the Court,—his Vale a little World.

Upon the Eve of that well-hallow'd Day,
Which Nature's ever-living God ordain'd
For gen'ral rest and pray'r,—BASSANIO hied
To neighb'ring Hamlet, for his weekly fare;
When wretched hinds, whose looks proclaim'd their
 need,
Receiv'd a pittance from his slender means;
And, for a while, were lighten'd of their woes.

As age advanc'd, sometimes his Mother's milk
Would sourly rise, and flow about his heart;

But, at the mem'ry of his boyish days,
 'The peevish tide, o'th' instant, ebb'd away,—
 And left his old serenity unchang'd.—
 When tardy Sickness sapp'd his fading cheek,—
 And Nature felt th' immedicable wound,—
 In fervid Hymns, he prais'd his bounteous GOD,
 For all the blessings which his years had known,—
 And, crying—" *Welcome !*" to the Will of Fate,—
 Like death-struck Swan, his own sad Requiem sung.

Thus, liv'd and dy'd the SOLITARY BARD,—
 Free from the bane of those coequal pests—
 The Siren, *Flatt'ry*,—and the Serpent, *Spite*.

EAST-CHEAP IN THE SHADES:
 OR,
THE GHOSTS OF FALSTAFF
 AND
HIS COLLEAGUES.

" Their Spirits are so married in conjunction, with the participation of Society, that they flock together, like so many Wild-geese."
 HEN. IV. PART SECOND.

UPON the banks of that Infernal * Lake,
 O'er which no Bird its flight can safely take,—
 Accursed Shades oft muster, with intent
 Their stifled griefs, and bosom'd spite, to vent;
 And, while foul vapours from the depth arise,
 Rude howlings blend with lamentable cries.

Three cent'ries back, in hottest Stygian weather,
 The Wags of EAST-CHEAP crowded, here, together:

POINS, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, PETO, NYM,—
 Mine Hostess QUICKLY,—DOLL,—all souls of whim;
 Who look'd, perchance, as in the days of yore,
 When frailest garbs of pamper'd flesh they wore.—
 The * *Prince of Humour*, gazing on the Lake,
 Broke silence, first; and thus he hoarsely spake:

“ I would King Harry, from the upper world,
 Were, in a swinging snow-ball's likeness, hurl'd
 To this vile Stew ! its fev'ring heat to lay,—
 And cause, for us, a sort of winter-day !—
 But for that rogue, I ne'er had tasted Sack;
 Nor left Dame Earth, with vice upon my back !—
 'Twas he who quash'd the order of my mind,—
 Which, else, had been most soberly inclin'd.
 Ye know it, Lads!—sweet DOLL,—mine Hostess, too,
 Ye all can vouch—I held no faults,—or few;
 Save such as one, so truss'd in fat, *might* hold,—
 And ne'er be fancy'd profligate, or bold.”

“ Hush, pr'ythee, JACK !” POINS, snappishly, reply'd;
 “ The noble Hal thou grossly hast belied ;—
 Or, why was he with heav'nly honours plum'd,—

Whilst thou, like us, to endless pains wert doom'd?"
 To whom the Knight, with shrewdly-stedfast look,—
 "Justice was blind,—and one for t'other took!—
 Now, hark ye, *Yedward!* tho' I lay a score
 Of mine offences at young Harry's door,—
 I rev'rence Truth too fervently, to say—
 He caus'd, alone, my vestal Mind's decay.—
 'Twas East-Cheap, POINS, that first inveigled me,—
 And gave the death-blow to mine honesty!"

Swift as domestic Tiger clutches Mouse,
 Mine Hostess cry'd—"Thou knave,—revile my house!
 Was it for this, I bought thee Holland-shirts,—
 And mark'd thy filthy name upon the skirts?
 Thy Tailor paid, for coats of finest nap,—
 For which I ne'er receiv'd a finger-snap?
 Did I not give thee, *gratus*, bed and board,
 Whilst thou unconscionable reck'nings scor'd?
 Was I not by thee, at thy latter end,—
 And pray'd the Saints thy broken heart to mend?—
 And can'st thou, vassal-slave, use * *calamy*
 'Gainst one who was so parlous kind to thee?—
 Ah, fie upon thy naughty varlet's tongue,—
 Which, like a pismire, has mine honour stung!"

* *Calumny.*

This spoken,—DOLL, who sapiently concluded—

That she was in the same reproach included,

Repaid Sir Knight his loan, in coinage due,—

With all the spirit of an earthly shrew.

“An thou and I were carnal Souls,” quoth she;

“I’d tweeze thee, Runnion, for thine * *obblekey*!—

Thou call’d’st me, once, *The Lees of Rhenish Beer*,—

Because I left thee, for a *leaner Deer*!—

Did I not cuff thee, then, thou *slang’rous Patch*!

And mark thy jowl with many a *mortal scratch*?”

Thus, Maid and Mistress their invectives ply’d;

And FALSTAFF’S GHOST, in placid tone reply’d—

When he both speeches to an end had heard—

“No slander, Wenches; none, by PLUTO’S beard!—

Yet, prate not, gentle DOLL, of leaving *me*;

Thou know’st, fair Slut, ’twas I that quitted *thee*!—

Could one so frail o’er mighty FALSTAFF lord?—

Was I not woo’d by goodly MISTRESS FORD?—

A plague upon this fiend-like retrospection!

It stuffs the Soul with villainous dejection!—

By BARDOLPH’S *Nose*, I feel a grievous lack;—

O, for a *Stoop* of friendly *Sherrie-Sack*!—

'The * *Man in Purple* ne'er was more athirst,
Than poor JACK FALSTAFF!—(here, he groan'd and
curs'd.)

I doubtless must retain (continu'd he,)
The grease, as 'twere, of old Mortality;
Else, why such liq'rish wants,—such hot desires?
If 'twere not so, I might defy these fires!—
How is't with thee, mine ANCIENT PISTOL,—say?"
To whom that vaunting *Ghost*, without delay,—

"*Pistol* not me, SIR JOHN! My Consort true
Thou hast defam'd,—and Mistress TEAR-SHEET, too!
Tro'd we terrestrial ground, thou braggart Knight,—
Back to thy lungs I'd whirl thy reeking spite!—
Tho' Cerb'rus ope his triple jaws, and howl,—
And grisly Charon twist his beard, and scowl,—
Thus much I tell thee, to thy ghostly front!"
Quoth CORP'RAL NYM, "Ay, that's the humour on't!"

FALSTAFF rejoin'd, "How prone the Wicked are
The drift and tenour of plain words to mar!—
Was it for me to vilify the House
Wherein I fatten'd, like a *moorland Grouse*?"

Could I such mischief tow'rd my friends intend?
 Ye have misconstru'd me,—and there's an end."

"How came it, then," cry'd POINS, in twitting vein,
 "Thou censur'd'st EAST-CHEAP, as thy special bane?
 Could tongueless Walls corrupt thee, honest JACK?
 Or slavish Benches,—or thy darling Sack?—
 What answer, Knight?—Come lash thy pury wit;
 And drive it forth, to do thee benefit!"—

"Nay, by the Lord!" return'd SIR JOHN, with heat,
 "I nam'd *no House*, POINS;—'twas the *Street*,—the
Street;

Whereto that headstrong Witch, we call *The Will*,
 Bore me, as 'twere, perforce,—like grist to mill!
 And in these dev'lish pranks she grew more bold;—
 So, virtuous JACK, at last, was bought and sold.—
 My Servants—BARDOLPH, PETO, NYM—can swear,
 That I, in speech, was always *debonair*!"

"Hold ye!" quoth BARDOLPH, with ironic bow;
 "Hold ye, *Sir Paunch*!—I'm not your Servant, now."
 "Nor I!" cry'd PETO, looking worse than grim:—
 "Run no careers on me!" bawl'd CORP'RAL NYM;
 "Humour not me with humours;—no such play!—
 When time shall serve, I'll twit ye,—as I may!—

Take that for certain hist'ry ;—an ye don't,
I may convince ye ;—that's the humour on't !”

“ Thy Servants, and thy Speech, thou *Trojan Goat* !”
Roar'd ANCIENT PISTOL, “in thy murky throat !—
Yea, to the centre of thy grateful chest,—
Where Owlet-Slander builds her fragrant nest !
Let Tantalus, in *liquid water*, thirst ;
And Sisypheus, with *toil of labour*, burst ;
Let damn'd Ixion writhe upon his wheel ;
And Tityus, still, the Vulture's *talents* feel ;—
PISTOL will never flinch from *Torture's pain*,—
But speak his mind, tho' *Pluto's Monarch* reign !”
“ Silence, ye fustian rogue !” cry'd POINS, in fear ;
“ An thy bravado reach old MINOS' ear,
For all of us the Furies will design
New-fashion'd scourges, to increase our Time.”
“ The Furies,” snarl'd mine ANCIENT, “may perpend,
And *threat'ning menace* from their gizzards send !—
Let them inflict, till they of lashing tire !—
A Figo for them, and their *wrathful ire* !”

“ 'Tis scandal,” growl'd SIR KNIGHT ; “ that such
a Ghost
Should hold, in HELL, the Sov'reign Judge's post !—

MINOS I mean,—that antiquated knave;
 Who'd e'en as lief be *damn'd* himself, as *save*!—
 Thrice, have I seen him nod upon the Bench,—
 And, oft, hisdrought with smuggled Nectar quench;—
 Yea, more than once, to his own shadow bow;—
 Stark drunk, my Masters,—drunk as *Davia's* *sow*!”

No sooner was this blasphemy ejected,
 Than MINOS, in their front, his Rod erected,—
 The snake-twin'd Furies shrieking in his rear:—
 “How now, ye roisting Ghosts! what brings ye here?”
 Quoth he, in voice analogous to thunder;
 Which peal'd, astho' 'twould rend the SHADES asunder.
 “God save your Worship!” FALSTAFF, trembling,
 cry'd;

“And send ye, straight, a most illustrious Bride!”

“Thou greet'st me well;” return'd the Judge in Chief;
 “And, for thy pains, I give thee thanks, in brief.—
 But who beheld me nod upon the Bench,—
 And, oft, my thirst, with smuggled Nectar, quench?
 Nay, more than once, to mine own shadow bow?—
 Who was't that noted this?—say, FALSTAFF—thou!”

The KNIGHT stood mute, till MINOS fiercer spoke;

When thus, at length, he play'd his master-stroke:
 " An thou wert not the Judge o'th' nether Pit,
 I'd see thee *bench'd*, ere I would 'peach a whit!
 But when rob'd Justice bids, we must betray,—
 And 'gainst our best Friends witness,—come what
 may.—

PISTOL, 'tis true, spoke vilely of thy Laws,—
 A *Dotard* phras'd thee, cramm'd with *musty saws*;
 And such poor slander;—but on this rely—
 I lectur'd him,—and made him eat his Lie!"
 " Enough!" cry'd MINOS; " Furies, now, assail!—
 Fall on these idle SPECTRES, *tooth and nail*!—"
 His dread behest the Sisters swift obey,—
 And EAST-CHEAP's Tribe, loud yelling, scour'd away.

THE
TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS;
 OR,
THE POET'S CHOICE:

AN ODE.

AS, cheerless, in his lonely bow'r,
 CASTALIO sate, at Eve's dank hour,—
 Left by his darling Muse, unblest'd,—
 While Fancy languish'd o'er her nest,
 Like Philomel, when bare of food,
 And lacking warmth to hatch her brood;
 Two pow'rful DEITIES, at once, appear'd,—
 By Poets worshipp'd, and by Youth rever'd;
 Each clad in purple robe, of heav'nly sheen,—
 The florid BACCHUS, and the CYPRIAN QUEEN!—
 On both, by turns, he cast his pensive eyes,—
 And, as he gaz'd, discharg'd a world of sighs.

Fair CYTHEREA, first, essay'd
 To charm the Minstrel's mind,—
 The GRACES in her dimples play'd,—
 Her breath perfum'd the wind;—
 And, with a sweetly-witching look,
 The Cestus from her waist she took:
 Her Doves, as with reason endu'd,
 Then, softly and wantonly coo'd;
 And * EROS unveiling her breast,
 As she blazon'd the magical Zone,
 The Poet she, smiling, address'd,
 In mellow, yet passionate tone:

“ Sweet CASTALIO ! gentle Youth !
 Fraught with more than vulgar ruth,
 From th' OLYMPIAN COURT I come,
 To enchant thy Mistress home;
 Whose revolt thou inly moan'st,—
 And no guest, save Sadness, own'st.
 Ah, foster not anguish,—
 Nor silently languish !
 This Girdle receive,—
 And—VENUS believe—

All tears, and relenting,
 Her absence repenting,—
 Thy truant Muse will straight return,—
 And with unwonted passion burn.

Inspir'd by Love,
 Her strains will move
 Full many a Vestal's heart;
 Each tuneful Lay
 A HELEN slay,
 As 'twere, with golden dart."

She spoke : CASTALIO, wond'ring, knelt;
 And lifting, in a trice, his hand,
 To clutch the starry, charm-fraught Belt,—
 The GOD of WINE,
 With glance divine,
 And lusty organ, holla'd—"Stand!"
 "Stand!" Echo twice loudly reply'd;
 "Stand—stand!" as the far-distant tide,
 Then, murmur'd,—grew faint,
 Like Nightingale's plaint,—
 And ceasing, there,
 Expir'd in air.

Anon, he show'd his ample Bowl,

O'erflowing with a Vineyard's Blood;—

As paralyz'd, the Poet's arm

Shrunk from IDALIA's circled Charm;—

With full, expectant soul,

He view'd the purple flood;

And, as he admir'd,

Already seem'd fir'd;—

When thus, the God, sincere and young,

With laughing visage, blithly sung :

“ Minstrel, lend thine ear to me—

Pleasure's lief DIVINITY!—

I ask not, for my bounties, praise,—

My Guerdon is the Mirth they raise!—

Trust not CYPRIA's wanton smile,—

Ev'ry dimple harbours guile:

Remember—and her Largess shun—

The Judgment of old PRIAM's * SON!—

'Twere vain to hope poetic joy

From her who caus'd the Fall of TROY.—

See this Goblet, briskly flowing

With a treasure worth bestowing!—

'Tis BACCHUS' blessing,—warm, and pure,—

Design'd the sickly brain to cure :
 No trumpet need proclaim it forth,—
 An honest blush betrays its worth !—
 Quaff it, Minstrel ! quaff it, here,—
 And thy Muse will swift appear ;—
 Resistless as the furious Winds,—
 Up-borne on wings of fire,
 To noblest heights aspire ;
 To Day transforming Night,—
 And lifting, in her flight,
 A thousand, thousand, thousand minds !”

He ceas'd : The Bard, with panting breast,
 And wishful eyes, his pow'r confess'd ;
 By turns, survey'd the Cup and Belt,—
 By turns, two vary'd Passions felt,—
 Enchanting Love, unruly Glee !—
 The GOD, at length,
 Urg'd all his strength,—
 And gain'd a happy Victory.

O'ercome his doubts,—entranc'd his soul,—
 The Poet grasps the precious Bowl :
 The * CHIEF of MINSTRELS strikes his golden Lyre ;

* APOLLO.

Full harpings follow from the sacred NINE;—
 CASTALIO drinks,—and glows with heav'nly Fire!—
 His Muse, obedient to the charms of WINE,
 In radiance comes,—and rules with Pow'r divine.

Soft Passion's GODDESS, thus subdu'd,
 Forsakes the Earth, in scornful mood;—
 All-crimson'd with wrath, in her chariot she flies,—
 And the Pæans of BACCHUS resound thro' the skies.

THE
FLIGHT OF FANCY,
 AND
PURSUIT OF JUDGMENT:
 AN ALLEGORY.

WITH charter boundless as the vagrant wind,—
 Self-will'd, adventurous, and wildly vain,—
 Young FANCY, first, like spendthrift's changeful
 mind,
 For gairish toys, becomes, as 'twere, insane,—
 And lays out gold, without the view of gain :
 Upon a wilderness of abject flow'rs,
 'Midst dazzling sun-shine, and tempestuous rain,
 Guideless she wanders, thro' unnumber'd hours,—
 And, on its worthless produce, spends her free-born
 pow'rs.

Her pinions fledg'd, she 'gins her daring flight,—
 Mounts to a turret, or a golden spire;—
 There, haughtily, directs her misty sight
 To hoary cloud, fring'd round with solar fire;
 And prompted by her minion, hot Desire,
 Again ascends, some novel joy to seek;
 And tho', perchance, the pitch her plumage tire,
 Attains, at length,—o'erjoy'd, yet passing weak,—
 The lightsome cloud,—and rests upon its loftiest peak.

While, here, she proudly sits, recov'ring breath,—
 Gray-crested JUDGMENT, from his roost below,
 Views her, thus seeking an untimely death,—
 And, to preserve her, soars aloft; when, lo!
 The sleek-wing'd wanton, with her wonted glow,
 Again spreads out her buoyant plumes,—and flies—
 Flutt'ring, yet swiftly, to the painted Bow;
 And lighting 'midst its bright and vary'd dyes,
 In wild, ecstatic humour, rolls her wond'ring eyes.

Slow rises JUDGMENT on his grizzled wings;
 The more he strives, the further FANCY flees;—
 Anon, smug Iris fades; and, now, she flings
 Her slender body on the wafting breeze;
 And thus befriended, scuds with playful ease:

Her feath'ry raiment sprent with frozen dew,
 A darting Sun-beam, well rejoic'd, she sees ;
 And reaching, straight, this object of her view,
 Dissolves the wat'ry gems,—and 'gins her flight anew.

Now, in the bosom of a rugged cloud,
 Surcharg'd with keen electric fire, she soars,—
 And while inwrapp'd, as 'twere, with inky shroud,
 The surly meteor vents its deathful stores,—
 Fleet lightning gleams, and hollow thunder roars :
 Her pinions scorch'd,—half-chok'd with sulph'rous
 reek,—

She downward swoops ; and o'er the surge-lash'd
 shores,

Astounded, hears a loathsome *Harpy's* shriek,—
 And sees a mad *Tornado* ruffling NEPTUNE's cheek.

Black Witches, now, with midnight mischief warm,
 Athwart their besoms, ride before the wind,—
 And join, with yells, the music of the storm :
 Alike to Fear and scowling Peril blind,
 (JUDGMENT still lab'ring, heavily, behind,)
 The light-plum'd Dame pursues the haggish host,—
 Whose crooked waists with pois'nous weeds are
 twin'd ;

Nor leaves the chase, —till, tow'rds the dusky
 coast,
 Precipitate they topple,—and in smoke are lost.

The tempest o'er,—again, in subtile air,
 She briskly tow'rs; and joyful, views on high
 That little, yet distinguish'd region, where
 The baseless mansions of the *Fairies* lie;
 And to its moonshine walls approaching nigh,
 Imperial MAB, and OBERON, by chance,
 Her lofty soaring tow'rds their Realm descry,—
 And send twelve *Fays*, to bid her straight advance,—
 Who songs of welcome chant, and round her pinions
 dance.

Thus, blithly greeted by the herald Band,
 She moves, impatient, thro' its sapphire gate;—
 There, plac'd in order, twenty Minstrels stand,
 To hail her entry in the FAIRY STATE:
 And, now, the *Sov'reign*, and his goodly *Mate*,
 In full *Regalia*, with their *Court*, appear,—
 Their flighty visitant to gratulate:
 With lib'ral hands, they yield her dainty cheer,—
 But, soon, th' Inconstant's vein, again, begins to
 veer.

Scarce rend'ring thanks for courtesies receiv'd,
 She quits the Empire of the friendly FAY;
 And, in her view of heav'nly space deceiv'd,
 Shapes her fleet motion tow'rd's the *Milky-way*,—
 That stream of silv'ry light, resembling Day;
 Where, haply, she designs, in sightless *Lune*,
 To cleanse her wings; and, thence, without dismay,
 Flit to the point where *Phæbus* glares, at noon,—
 Or to th' unfathom'd rivers of the peopled Moon.

Behold her, now, some leagues beyond the Earth,
 Hov'ring in purest *Æther*; and, now, mark!
 Of buoyant strength she feels a sudden dearth,—
 And moves, in plunges, like the storm-toss'd
 barque;—
 Anon, she scarce respire,—her eyes grow dark,—
 Each pinion to her weary body clings;
 And, as from air descends the trilling lark,
 Plumb-like, she falls;—then, JUDGMENT upward
 springs,—
 And gallantly receives HER on his ample wings.

THE LUNATIC,
 AND
THE OUTCAST:

A TALE.

BY Friendship undone,—by his Mistress betray'd,—
 A Bankrupt in Fortune and Happiness made;
 Disown'd by his equals,—revil'd by the mean,—
 'Midst Pride's bitter taunts, and the clamour of Spleen,
 Young LEON his birth-place—a gay Tuscan town—
 At twilight abandon'd, with sorrows weigh'd down;—
 Fierce tempests of anguish his thoughts rudely hurl'd,
 A pennyless OUTCAST, he fled from the world.

O'er the wild blasted heath, and the bleak barren hill,—
 On the cataract's brink,—by the foul sedgy rill,—
 'Mid whirlwinds and thunders that shook the firm
Ball,—

He wander'd, and suffer'd,—unpity'd by all!—
 Not e'en the poor peasant—(himself sorely press'd,)—
 With a sigh of compassion, his pilgrimage bless'd!—
 His head was oft pillow'd by fragments of wood,—
 Marshy water his drink, moorland berries his food.

When, afar, he observ'd a proud City's bright spires,
 His bosom was heated with opposite fires;
 He rail'd at his fellows, with merciless hate,—
 And tax'd with Injustice the rulings of FATE!—
 Yet, when the arch'd welkin was tranquil and clear,
 The thoughts of the past would engender a tear,—
 Which stealing, apace, down his travel-gain'd scars,
 He pity'd mankind,—and forgave his ill stars!

One Friend, whom he lov'd, yet remain'd on the
 Earth,—

A Brother that Friend;—from the place of his birth,
 An exile for ten weary years he had been,—
 By his Country remember'd and honour'd, unseen!—
 His spirit was lofty,—(ORSINO his name,)—

In the field he had sought and acquir'd honest fame :—
 He brav'd a false NOBLE,—who fell in the strife,—
 And valiant ORSINO was banish'd for life !

His raiment now tatter'd—the mock of the wind—
 Heavy-burthen'd his heart, and all-joyless his mind,—
 Young LEON had journey'd thro' regions unknown,—
 Enduring the frigid, and fierce torrid Zone ;
 When, seated one Even in sad reverie,
 On the measureless beach of the wide Caspian Sea,—
 At the foot of a steep frowning cliff, he beheld
 A poor naked MANIAC, who frightfully yell'd !

Ungracious his aspect,—his eye sternly wild,—
 He laugh'd, whilst in anger,—and horribly smil'd ;—
 From his grim boxen visage, black tresses hung
 down,—
 Dank sea-weed he wore round his head, as a Crown.—
 On the sharp cragg'd rocks that defac'd the smooth
 strand,
 He cast himself headlong,—and clutch'd the hot
 sand ;—
 Then, savag'd by phrensy, sprang up—with void stare,—
 And maim'd his swarth forehead,—and tore his lank
 hair !

When he saw the lone OUTCAST, he utter'd rude
howls,—

Like those of the wolf, when in forests he prowls;—
Advanc'd a few paces,—then paus'd, as in doubt,—
Now, fixing his eye-ball,—now, gazing about.—
At length, with clinch'd hands—and quick gasping
with rage—

He rush'd fleetly forward, the STRANGER t'engage;
And while, with shrewd signals and gestures, he
brav'd,

His feet toss'd the sand,—and thus, furious, he rav'd:

“Arch-rebel ! com'st thou with intent to purloin
A Monarch's regalia—his jewels—and coin ?—
I'm King o'the Elements—clouds are my steeds—
I grasp all the thunders,—and do mighty deeds !—
The wind is my grandsire—a dormouse my dam—
O' Sundays, I marry the tiger and lamb !—
Fly—fly my dominions ! or—by the three Zones—
I'll pluck out thy sinews,—and rive all thy bones !”

He boisterous spoke,—and all-frantickly tore
A huge fragment of rock from the desolate shore:—
He rais'd it ; when LEON his jeopardy saw,—
Observ'd, in a trice, gentle NATURE's first law,—

And smote the poor MANIAC,—who, fearfully maim'd,
 Toppled down on the waste,—and, scarce breathing,
 exclaim'd—

“ Ah, LEON—sweet Brother—come, lend me thine
 aid !—

'Tis ORSINO who calls—in his windingsheet laid !”

This said,—with a faint suspiration—he dy'd !—

The horror-struck OUTCAST, in agony, cry'd—

“ O, sorrow of sorrows ! too weighty to bear !—

Mine own Brother I've slaughter'd !—Now welcome,
 Despair !”

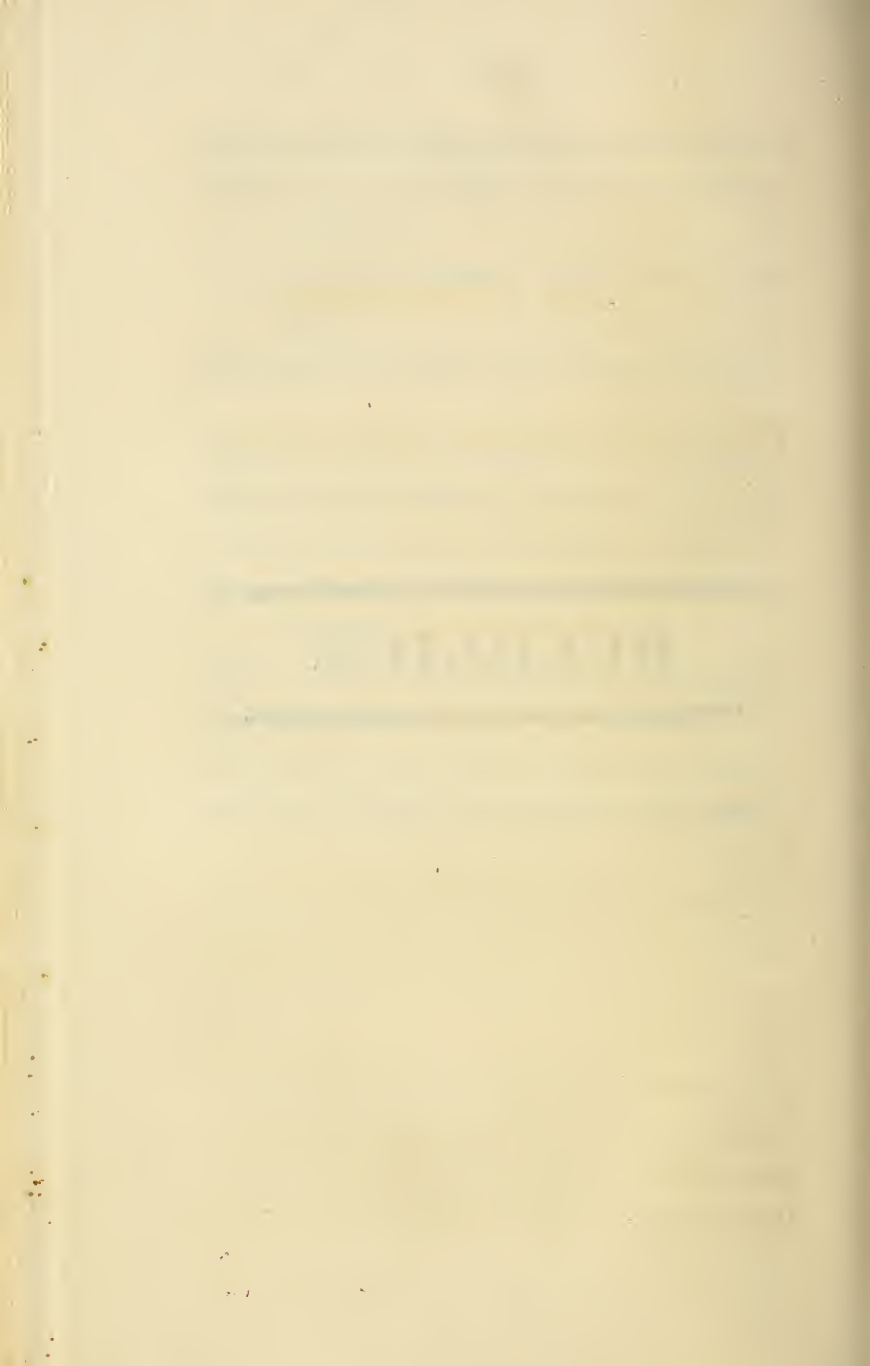
He wept o'er the body,—and kiss'd its cold cheek,—

Then, piercing the air with a piteous shriek,

Swift fled tow'rd the billows—an *innocent* CAIN—

And buried himself—and his griefs—in the Main.

BUCOLICS.



THE
FRANTIC SHEPHERD;
 OR,
 THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS:

A TRAGIC ECLOGUE.

" Alas, poor Shepherd!"
 AS YOU LIKE IT.

STREPHON.

I Come, old LYCON; from our village Sire,
 To bid thee and thy Hamlet to our feast:
 The sheep are shorn, and all my brother swains
 Are piping, jocundly, upon the green;
 Whilst Wives and Virgins, humming to the
 strain,
 Prepare their stores of honey, milk, and fruits,—
 And, trippingly, the cleanly board betrim
 With vine-leaves, myrtle, asphodel, and rose.

LYCON.

Alack, my Son ! no Shepherd, here, thou'lt
find,

Whose heart is now to jollity dispos'd.
Each face, like mine, betrays the guest within,—
'Tis grief, my STREPHON, for AMYNTAS' loss.—
Tho' brightly, from behind yon dewy hill,
The fiery Morning Sun begins to peer,
Night from our forest still seems loath to part.
Methinks, these Cedars are to Cypress turn'd,—
And all the Birds that carol to the Day,
To boding Ravens, and untuneful Owls.—
Ah, woe is me !—AMYNTAS—hapless boy !—
The truest Swain that ever pip'd with reed,—
Or, on the herby mountain, tended flock !

STREPHON.

O, tell me, LYCON,—tell me what mischance
'Th' associate of my boyhood hath betid?—
Oft have we met on yonder craggy steep,
When the first flush of light disclos'd the East,
Or ere the timely Cock had left his roost ;
And joining our wild, oaten minstrelsy,
Play'd a soft welcome to the coming Morn.—
O, speak, mine honour'd LYCON ! for, in sooth,

I love AMYNTAS; and when told his griefs,
Will strive to heal them, with a brother's care.

LYCON.

Ah, would thy pow'r were bonds-man to thy will !
But e'en as well thou might'st attempt to cure
The tree whose bark the hatchet hath destroy'd,—
Or the fierce Murrain that appears, sometimes,
Among our sheep,—as calm AMYNTAS' teen.
'Tis like that angry cancer which becomes
More stubborn, when with soothing unction touch'd.
As (yester-eve, ere yet the Sun had set,)
The weary Swain was trudging from the heath,
Whereon his flock had brows'd the livelong Day,—
A frightful storm surpris'd him on the road.
He ply'd his crook, the whilst his watchful dog
Urg'd on the tardy Ewes that lagg'd behind.—
Drench'd to the skin, he scarce had gain'd the fold,
When, thro' the op'ning of yon palmy copse,
He saw his Cottage toppling to the ground.—
Affright soon brought him to its wicker gate;
The which he enter'd, reckless of himself,—
And found his SYLVIA, and her new-born babe,
Like bruised fruits, beneath the ruin—dead !—
His wits (sad sequel of a bitter tale !)

Unable to withstand the fearful shock,
 Straight fled,—and left his mind a wilderness.—
 Thou weep'st, poor Boy!—Such tears beseem thee
 well.

Wert thou AMYNTAS, he would weep for thee.—
 Ah, see, my STREPHON!—see thy wretched Friend
 Now searching 'mongst the rubbish of his Cot,—
 As if his SYLVIA still were buried there!—
 Let us approach, and mark him heedfully.

AMYNTAS.

Abed, my Love, at such an hour as this!—
 Why, 'tis the owlet's mousing time—broad Day!—
 Hear'st thou the rain against the lattice beat?—
 I've hung my drenched jerkin in the Sun;—
 'Twill soon be dry.—The Loadstar 'gins to shine!—
 Bless us, sweet Heaven! 'tis a grievous Night!—
 Be still, mad wind!—thou shalt not kiss my boy!—
 I'll wrap him in a yeanling's bleached fleece.—
 Thou tremblest, SYLVIA,—and thy cheeks are pale!—
 We will not die of hunger, whilst there's fruit.—
 I'll climb the trees, and pluck ripe Mulberries,—
 Cull virgin Manna from the weeping Ash,—
 And bring thee May-dew from our cowslip-mead:—
 Ewes' milk I've none,—for, now, their Teats are dry.

STREPHON.

A beauteous mind is here laid waste, indeed !—
 Ah, poor AMYNTAS ! to redeem thy wits,
 Thy STREPHON would endure a Pilgrim's toil.

LYCON.

Lo ! he betakes him to the thymy bank,
 On which with gentle SYLVIA by his side,
 O'ercome with weariness, he oft hath sat,—
 Wooing the freshness of the breezy Eve.

AMYNTAS.

Here is the Crocus which thy sweet hand rear'd !—
 Its stem is broken,—yet, 'tis free from blight.—
 The pretty Fawns shall batten where they list ;—
 Our pastures are not scant.—Look to thy Child !—
 The keen, dank air hath quench'd the Glow-worm's
 light,—

And, now, she hides her 'neath the bladed grass.—
 Who says our Hut hath fall'n ?—I reckon not that !—
 We've Gossamers enow, to keep us warm,
 Unless the shooting Stars have made them rot.—
 I'll pull the Rainbow o'er us, with my crook !—
 'Twas a shrewd wind that blew our Dove-cot down,—
 And kill'd the sleeping Turtles in their nest !—

The Kite hath clutch'd a Lamb !—I'll after him ;
And pluck it, ere 'tis slaughter'd, from his fangs !

LYCON.

Poor frantic Boy !—Mark, how he springs away !—
Run, Shepherds,—run ;—put forth your nimblest
feet !

Speed thee, young DAMON ! thou art light and hale.—
Like the well-breathed Goat, when fleetly chas'd,
He climbs the steep,—and bounds from rock to rock,
Outstripping ev'ry Swain.—Now, on its top,
A very Dwarf he seems, half-hid in mist.—
Stay him, kind Gods, or e'er he reach its brink !—
He still runs on—I dare no longer gaze.

STREPHON.

Nay, turn ; and let thine eyes behold his end !—
E'en now, upon th' extremest verge he moves.—
But one more step,—one little step—'Tis o'er !—
He falls down headlong,—and is lost to sight !

ARCADIAN LOVE;

OR,

THE GRIEF OF LYCIDAS:

AN ECLOGUE.

“Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face.”

DRYDEN.

THYRSIS.

WHY shunn’st thou, thus, the sight of happy
Swains,
And wander’st, daily, from our herby plains,
To this lone dell,—where weeds delight to grow,
And muddy streamlets indolently flow?—
Thy Sheep, untended, o’er their bound’ries stray,
Whilst thou, an Idler, griev’st dull time away.—
Thy well-train’d Dog, once faithful to his charge,
Nowmopes, like thee,—and, heedless, roves at large.—
Arouse thee, LYCIDAS! shake off thy care!
And to thy pastures, with a Friend, repair.

LYCIDAS.

Ah, THYRSIS ! if thou e'er, in vain, did'st love,
 Thy tongue would kindly counsel,—not reprove.
 To me, there is no beauty in the mead,—
 No joyous music in the Shepherd's reed !—
 The bleating Ewes, which crop the dewy lawn,—
 The rival Rams, which strive at early dawn,—
 The tuneful warblings of the feather'd Quires,—
 Th' instructive stories of Arcadian Sires,—
 These yield no pleasure to a hopeless Swain
 Like LYCIDAS,—but seem to mock his pain.
 Roam on, my Lambs ! another Master find ;—
 You're not for me, since PHYLLIS is unkind !

THYRSIS.

Save LYCIDAS, what Swain in *Arcady*
 Would leave his flock, for such a scornful she ?
 Nay, turn not from me, self-deceiving Youth !
 But, mindful, listen to this wholesome truth :
 If thou, despairing, play the wilful fool,—
 And chafe, in silence, like the stagnant pool,—
 Her sour disdain will turn to bitter pride,—
 And thy distress, with laughter, she'll deride :
 But on the plain, as thou wert wont, appear,—
 And, with thy pipe, salute MYRTILLA's ear ;—

If PHYLLIS, then, no jealous fancy prove,—
 Believe me, Shepherd, she will never love.—
 Arouse thee, LYCIDAS ! shake off thy care !
 And to thy pastures, with a Friend, repair.

LYCIDAS.

O, think'st thou 'twere a seemly deed, to pain
 The heart of her my soul would joy to gain ?—
 Tho' she, relentless, do me greater wrong,
 Than DAMON suffer'd from his DELIA's tongue,—
 Tho' she, reclin'd in shade of myrtle-bow'r,
 Attend MENALCAS' strain, at Eve's still hour,—
 Or, in the grove, with FLORIZEL be seen,—
 Or dance with gay ALEXIS, on the green ;
 Nay, tho' she slight me, as a worthless weed,—
 To none but her I'll tune mine oaten reed !
 Yet now, alas ! no sound that reed supplies,—
 For all my breath is spent in fruitless sighs.—
 Roam on, my Lambs ! another Master find ;—
 You're not for me, since PHYLLIS is unkind !

THYRSIS.

Mistaken Boy ! from this rude glen remove ;—
 Thou art the slave of Folly,—'tis not Love !—
 Ah, must thy fleecy Lambs, forsaken, roam,—

A prey to Vultures,—and without a home?
 Ah, must thy teeming Ewes, unshelter'd, yean,—
 Whilst thou giv'st succour to a bootless teen?—
 By her example, wilt thou be unkind?
 And must thy wand'ers no compassion find?—
 Arouse thee, LYCIDAS! shake off thy care!
 And to thy pastures, with a Friend, repair.

LYCIDAS.

O, that this breast were turn'd to lifeless clay!
 Yet Wisdom speaks, and I must needs obey.
 My truant Flocks again shall jointly feed,
 And bask at will, in their own verdant mead;—
 My moping Dog again shall range the lawn,—
 And, wakeful, guard the fold, from Eve to Dawn:
 Tho' sad at heart, I'll seem as blithe a Swain,
 As e'er ply'd crook, or pip'd the jocund strain.
 But (woe the while!) should PHYLLIS still pursue
 Her cruel scorn, and ne'er appear to rue,—
 My Dog may pine; my Lambs, deserted, stray;—
 My crook and pipe, at once, I'll cast away;
 And straight retiring to this silent Vale,
 I'll lay me down,—and, dying, end my *Bale*.

DAPHNE,

AND

THE CADE LAMB:

A PASTORAL.

WITH dew Nature's mantle was wet,
 When DAPHNE appear'd on the glade,—
 In search of her troublesome PET,
 Which from her Cot's precincts had stray'd:—
 In her progress, she made many stops,—
 Her bosom with anguish o'erfraught;
 Explor'd ev'ry thicket and copse,—
 Nor left e'en a grass-tuft unsought.

“*Fidele!*” she pantingly cry'd,
 In strain of the night-loving Bird;*
 “*Fidele!*” sad ECHO reply'd,
 As charm'd with the sorrowful word.—
 All parts of the Valley now search'd,
 The Upland she mounts, in a trice;
 Where, on the dark cedar-boughs perch'd,
 The Minstrels of Morning rejoice.

* Philomel.

O'er the blue misty mountains, afar,

The russet-rob'd * DEITY stood

Erect, in her neat rubied car,—

Yet coy as the † PRUDE of the Wood:—

Tho' DAPHNE, still, call'd on her *Stray*,

With heart sorely tortur'd and chaf'd,—

Her mischievous stars not a ray

Of gentle compassion vouchsaf'd.

Now, 'midst the green sorage, she wept,—

Now, on the brown moorland, inveigh'd;

By turns, as she deviously stepp'd,

Her eyes grief and anger betray'd:—

“ Ah, pr'ythee, sweet Fondling !” she sigh'd,

“ Return to thy Mistress, and Home !”

But, in the next breath, tartly cry'd—

“ Mad truant, ungratefully roam !”

While two counter-passions, thus, fought,

Disturbing the calm of her mind,—

Her ear gentle minstrelsy caught—

Smoothly borne on the stream of the wind :

'Twas the warbling of FLORIZEL's reed,—

A Shepherd more pensive than gay,—

Who his Flocks nightly folded, with heed,—

Their Guard and Musician, by Day.

To the mountains, whence flow'd the soft strain,

Each pulse quickly throbbing, she flew,—

And saw, 'midst his charge, the young Swain,

Who his pipe so melodiously blew :—

Advancing, with diffident pace,

(Her eyelids inflam'd and all-wet,)

Quoth DAPHNE, with shame-glowing face,

“ Fair Youth, hast thou seen my stray'd *Pet* ?”

No longer sweet FLORIZEL play'd,—

But casting his reed straight away,

He gallantly tender'd his aid

In seeking her frolicksome *Stray* :—

Coy DAPHNE his service receiv'd ;—

From the Hills, to the Valleys they move,—

Where, by his discourse, 'tis believ'd,

Her *Sorrow* soon chang'd into *Love*.

While warmly, yet fearful, he wooes,

As they traverse the wide forest-ground,—

Blithe STREPHON appears, with the news—

That truant *Fidele* is found :—

“ Kind Shepherd, return to thy plains !”

Cries DAPHNE, well cur'd of her fret ;

“ I give thee good thanks, for thy pains,—

But FLORIZEL, *now*, is my *Pet* !”

WALTER AND HELEN:

A PASTORAL.

“ Hark, how the bashful Morn, in vain,
 Courts the amorous Marigold,
 With sighing blasts, and weeping rain;
 Yet she refuses to unfold:
 But when the Planet of the Day
 Approacheth with his pow’ful ray,
 Then she spreads, then she receives
 His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.”

CAREW.

TWELVE livelong months had *Passion* reign’d,
 When WALTER first to HELEN coo’d,
 With rustic eloquence unstrain’d,—
 And, weeping, pray’d that she’d be woo’d.

Adown she cast her full blue eye,—
 And seem’d to pity his sore pain;
 But, when he hop’d a fond reply,
 She, laughing, cry’d—“ God help thee, Swain !”

And tripping, with her milk-fraught pail,
 Full gaily o'er the daisied green,
 She left the doting Youth, to wail,—
 Left—left poor WALTER chok'd with spleen.

“ Ah, me !” with many a bitter groan,
 Came, trembling, from his tortur'd soul :—
 “ Must—must I, then, for ever moan ?—
 O, end me, Heav'n ! or end my dole !”

To banish HELEN from his mind^{*}
 He daily strove,—but strove in vain :
 Tho' she was scornful, and unkind,
 He could not be a cruel Swain.

Thro' hoary Winter's tedious gloom,
 He still pursu'd the scoffing Maid,—
 Lamenting, oft, his grievous doom,—
 For, still, with scorn his Love was paid.

When Hawthorn-hedges were in bud,
 And Turtles modestly 'gan bill ;
 When coupling Linnets, in the wood,
 Their new-born joys began to trill :

Then, WALTER felt his pangs more keen,—
 His secret told to friendly Hind,—
 Pray'd, wept, and rav'd, by turns, unseen,—
 And breath'd his Sorrows to the wind.

As meads increas'd in yellow pride,
 The hopeless Peasant wildly su'd;—
 Gay HELEN, still, would fierce deride,—
 Or, leering, vow she'd ne'er be woo'd!

One sultry Noon, tow'rd Autumn's close,
 Beneath a Plum-tree's shade he sat,
 Drooping, e'en like the Morning Rose,—
 When HELEN rous'd him—with a pat!

She ran,—WAT left his seat, in haste,—
 And soon the sportive scorner stay'd;—
 He circled, eagerly, her waist—
 She bit her lip,—and seem'd afraid.

Forthwith, a shrewd East-wind 'gan yell,
 And shake the Plum-tree's boughs amain;
 In show'rs, their *purple honours* fell,—
 And, bruised, bled upon the plain.

“ Behold *this mellow ruin*,—lo !”

Cry’d WALTER to th’ obdurate she ;

“ E’en *thus*, must blooming HELEN *show*,

If she, past season, *keep the Tree*.

Blushing, the scatter’d Fruit she ey’d,—

(The anxious Swain was fever all) ;—

With tearful ruth, she sweetly sigh’d—

“ O, *gather me*, or e’er I *fall* !”

Quick spake the Youth—“ Ha ! art thou won ?

Approach, gruff *Winter* ! come apace !—

Warm’d by my gentle HELEN’s *Sun*,

I care not when thou show’st thy face.”

Henceforth, she ne’er his *Passion bay’d* ;

Ere Spring, WAT thought ’twas time to wive ;—

Gay HELEN prov’d a pliant Maid,—

And he the happiest Swain alive.

EDGAR AND SUSAN;

A PASTORAL:

OPPOSED TO "WALTER AND HELEN."

"Ah! which is worse, the False, or the Unkind?—
By diff'ring ways, they bring us equal pain,—
The False betray us, and the Proud disdain."

GRANVILLE.

WHILE mirthful May was yet in bloom,
A rustic group, betimes each Morn,
Were wont to gather heath and broom,—
Or pluck sweet Herbs, but freshly born.

Among the rest, staid EDGAR ply'd,—
And SUSAN, mild as Summer-air:
That he had worth, no Swain deny'd,—
No envious Maid, that she was fair.

A sudden show'r of pelting rain,
 One day, dispers'd these timely Bees :
 Some homeward hied, athwart the plain ;
 And some sought shelter under trees.

Within the hollow of a Yew,
 Which, once, in robe of green, look'd gay,
 Grave EDGAR, haply, found sweet SUE,—
 For whom he'd sigh'd full many a day.

He hail'd her, first; then, spoke his soul;—
 She blush'd approval of his suit;—
 Anon, a rosy kiss he stole;—
 She chid him not,—but, still, was mute.

While, thus, his Mistress he caress'd,
 A Dove wing'd, cooing, thro' the rain;—
 Fond EDGAR *thought* their Loves were bless'd,—
 But SUSAN *fear'd* it boded Pain.

At length, the show'r began to 'bate;
 The many-colour'd Bow appear'd;
 Each Plover wanton'd with its Mate;
 The merry Lark wet Nature cheer'd.

Again, the East, unveiled, glow'd;
 The Meads with liquid gems were grac'd;
 Shrill Chanticleer, exulting, crow'd;
 The hare-brain'd Colt its Mother chac'd.

The Lovers, now, forsook the Yew,—
 And bore their rain-drench'd burthens home:
 Parting, he vow'd—he'd aye be true;
 And SUSAN promis'd ne'er to roam.

Thro' healthsome June, and hot July,
 The upright Swain devoutly woo'd;
 But, when the harvest-time drew nigh,
 Meek SUE, at once, prov'd false, and lewd.

One August-eve, to view the Corn,
 He went, with buxom heart, afield,—
 Where, underneath a spreading Thorn,
 To wily Boor he saw her yield!

Amaz'd, the fulsome sight he fled,—
 His heart, the while, wept tears of blood;—
 By fierce distraction roughly led,
 He pierc'd a wild and sunless wood.

Upon an aged Willow's trunk,
With prickly shrubs sore scratch'd and torn,
Breathless, and 'reft of pow'r, he sunk,—
And vainly wish'd—he'd ne'er been born !

The western sky blush'd crimson deep ;
And softly fell the wholesome dew ;—
Poor EDGAR groan'd,—yet could not weep,—
Nor utter aught, save—" Cruel SUE !"

But tears, at length, reliev'd his tine ;
Calm thought renew'd its sober sway ;—
And ere the Em'rald Worm 'gan shine,
He *reason'd* all his love away.

PHŒBE,

AND

THE WOUNDED TURTLE:

A PASTORAL FABLE.

THE Sire of the Seasons had drawn his last breath,—
 Condemn'd, for eight moons, to the dungeon of
 Death;

Young Spring had approach'd, with a smile and a
 tear,—

The pretty Coquette of the changeable Year;
 When PHŒBE, a Shepherdess gentle and coy,
 One morning at sunrise, yet scarce knowing why,
 Deserted her Cottage, and tripp'd to the Bank
 Where crocus and primrose the dew freely drank.

Hard by, grew a coppice of hazel and thorn,—
 Whose germs were enlarg'd, and look'd greener, each
 Morn;—

Here, while her meek eyes were intent on the ground,
 She heard a faint woodnote, and strange rustling
 sound:—

To the copse she betook her, 'twixt courage and
fright,—

And saw—(woe is me ! 'twas a pitiful sight !)

A TURTLE sore wounded, and bleeding apace,—

While tears of Compassion o'erflooded her face.

She caught the poor Bird, and apply'd to its wound

The juice of fresh Ivy,—and tenderly bound

Its lank, broken wing with a riband, 'tis said,

Which long had been worn—the chief pride of her
head.—

This kind office done, (to relate all the rest,)

The cold, panting DOVE to her bosom she press'd ;

When, (wonder of wonders !) thus cherish'd and
warm'd,

To the *lame little* ARCHER 'twas quickly transform'd !

From his quiver, the GOD drew a keen feather'd dart,

And took steady aim at the gentle one's heart :—

She trembled--turn'd pale--and inquir'd, with a sigh--

If all who had Pity, were sentenc'd to die ?—

Loud laughing, and drawing his shaft to the head,

(Which sprang from the bow-string, and merrily sped,)

Reply'd wily CUPID, whom nothing could move—

“Soft PITY, my Dear, is the *Herald* of LOVE !”

He vanish'd; and PHŒBE, well *pleas'd* with her
Pain,

Walk'd back, with slow steps, to her Cottage again :—
 At the door, she was met by her favourite Ewe,—
 But PHŒBE now long'd for a *Creature* more *new* !—
 The *Pet* vainly bleated,—she sought her lone chair,—
 And mus'd, thro' the day, with a languishing air ;
 Nor (tho', it is whisper'd, she many times strove,—)
 Could think of aught else but young EDWIN and
 LOVE !

MISCELLANEOUS.

RECEIVED

THE
PILGRIM'S ADORATION:

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY TOM JONES; AND AD-
 DRESSED TO HIS MISTRESS, SOPHIA WESTERN;
 AFTER HIS BANISHMENT FROM THE HOUSE OF
 ALLWORTHY.

"Your eyes are loadstars, and your tongue's sweet air,—
 More tunable than Lark to Shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, and hawthorn-buds appear."

SHAKESPEARE.

THO' exil'd from my happy home,—
 And doom'd, perhaps, the world to roam,—
 All-blotless, in my Mem'ry's * *Tome*,
 Thy worth shall live, SOPHIA!

No Saints, ador'd by holy Sage,
 Shall e'er my lovesick mind engage;
 Throughout my weary Pilgrimage,
 I'll worship thee, SOPHIA!

* A Volume or Book.

For all his follies and misdeeds,
 A WAND'ERER's heart, with anguish, bleeds;—
 Love-hallow'd tears compose his beads—
 Oft *told* for thee, SOPHIA!

No PILGRIM, sure, would mourn the loss
 Of honour'd Staff, or sacred Cross,—
 Could he but one poor Thought engross
 Of thine, below'd SOPHIA!

Siberian Wild, or Alpine height,
 He'd traverse o'er, the livelong night,—
 Nor wish coy Cynthia's silver light,
 Wert thou his Guide, SOPHIA!

Tho' lost on moor, or misty sea,
 He could not nurse Despondency;
 For thou, in ev'ry place, would'st be
 His polar Star, SOPHIA!

Arcadia's SWAINS, hadst thou been there,
 For DELIA had renounc'd their care,—
 And tun'd their pipes, in sad despair,
 Alone to thee, SOPHIA!

And, haply, taught the feather'd throng,
 List'ning, all mute, the shrubs among,
 To imitate their plaintive song,—

And trill thy name, SOPHIA !

Liv'd'st thou when, erst, the Minstrel-Sires,
 For Monarchs, wak'd their golden lyres,—
 At ev'ry touch, the trembling wires

Had warbled—"Sweet SOPHIA !"

The polish'd and impassion'd * BARD,
 Whose Verse proclaim'd his fond regard—
 Ah ! breath'd he, now—would straight discard

His LAURA, for SOPHIA !

But no untutor'd strain of mine
 Can make a star the brighter shine;—
 Thou wert an endless theme divine—

For Angel-Bards, SOPHIA !

Ah ! were thy hapless PILGRIM bless'd
 With one chaste sigh, from Pity's breast,—
 He ne'er would covet downy Rest—

But wander, still, SOPHIA !

THE
CATERPILLAR AND THE BEE:

A FABLE.

WHEN Insects had the gift of speech,—
At once, upon a downy Peach,
A BEE and CATERPILLAR met,—
And both with stomachs keenly set.
Unconscious of each other's presence,
They straight began t' inhale its essence,—
Survey its ample size, and roundness,—
Its velvet cheek, and ruddy soundness;—
Nay, ev'ry part they scrutiniz'd,—
And thus, 'tis said, soliloquiz'd :

“ Why, ay,—a sleek outside enough !”
Quoth CATERPILLAR, something gruff ;
“ One would not wish a prettier face !
But let me view its *inward* grace ;
Which must (I should suppose)—at least,
Afford a tolerable feast !”

“ In all my rambles,” cry’d the BEE,
 “ From herb to flow’r, from shrub to tree,—
 And tho’ six Summers on the wing,
 I ne’er beheld so fair a thing!—
 Ah, should it prove, to *taste*, as sweet,—
 ’Twill yield a most delicious treat!”

Both fall to work with nimble zeal,—
 And both an equal longing feel.—
 The REPTILE, after many a bout
 To force an entrance, with her snout,—
 (All patience, by that time, had flown,)
 Was scarcely midway thro’ the Down;
 And slipping from her silky station,
 Emitted, thus, her heart’s vexation:

“ A mildew blight the painted cheat!—
 I never witness’d such deceit!—
 In juice of sloes I’d rather revel;—
 Why, zounds! ’twould surely gull the Devil!—
 Plump Dewberries I might have tasted,
 And ne’er such precious moments wasted.
 ’Tis bitter as an Acorn-husk!—
 A Vulture’s beak, or Wildboar’s tusk,
 Would hardly serve to pierce its side,—

'Tis tougher than a Badger's hide !—
 It holds out Beauty, to beguile,—
 But all my *tribe* shall know—'tis vile !”

Not so, the BEE ; who quickly found
 An access to the * *pulp profound* ;
 And while its luscious flood she sipp'd,
 These accents from her bosom tripp'd :
 “ Ha, pregnant Sweeting ! lovely Peach !
 What transport 'tis thy charms to reach !—
 'Midst Hybla's thyme, and sugar'd flow'rs,
 My Kind might labour many hours,
 And fail to cull the luxury
 Which now, with ease, I've drank from thee !—
 When fraught, I'll bear thy blessings home,
 T'enrich our thriving honeycomb !”

E'en thus, upon a work of merit,
 Together, and with equal spirit,

* Think not, most courteous, thrice-gentle, and indulgent Reader, that our Author hath here plagiarised the *Miltonian Idiom*. “ *Pulp profound*,” independently of its *alliterative elegance*, is undoubtedly a *rare* example of “ *The Sublime and Beautiful* ;” yet, the *Bard of Eden* hath no more claim to it, than the *Philosopher of China*. 'Twas the *divine* emanation of his own *deep* sagacity, and purely of his own fashioning ; *ergo*, according to all the principles of equity, he certainly ought to enjoy the *sole* and *entire* credit of it !

The *sound* and *airy* CRITIC light:
 This, chiefly for he lacks the *might*,
 As 'twere, upon its *pulp* to feed,—
 Ejects foul spleen, and “*wicked Read* ;”
 But *that*, with pow'r, and taste to boot,
 Explores, at once, the *dainty fruit* ;
 And to th' intrinsic sweets alive,—
 Rejoicing, bears them to his *Hive*.

MONODY:

ON

The Death

OF HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCESS

Charlotte of Wales.

Written in November, 1817.

“The Nation *feels* it, in th’ extremest parts,
With eyes o’erflowing, and with bleeding hearts.”
DRYDEN.

“Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis?”
HOR.

INEXORABLE DEATH ! mysterious pow’r !
Who FATE’s dread bidding, at th’ ordained hour,
Art rigorously mindful to observe;
Smiting, with equal force, the princely pine,
The lowly myrtle, and the tender vine,—
O, wilt thou never from thy mission swerve?—
Joy’st thou, grim Minister, at one fell blow,
To plunge a Nation in unfathom’d woe ?

To whelm, for aye, in thy resistless flood,
A full-blown Lily, and its hopeful Bud?

Lamented CHARLOTTE! bright in ev'ry part!—

A gem, set deeply in thy Country's heart!—

When thou wert form'd, delighted NATURE pray'd

All HEAV'N to bless the fairest work she'd made.—

Not CLEOPATRA, when on *Cydnus* row'd,

In her imperial barge, more goodly show'd,

Than thou, sweet PRINCESS! in thy plainest vest:—

Alert, as modest DIAN in the chase;

ELIZA's spirit, temper'd with the grace

Of gentle ANNE, thine actions all express'd!—

Alas, poor ISLE! thy dream of bliss is o'er;

Thy noblest Star is set,—'twill rise no more:—

Meetly we act, to languish and deplore!

Too hapless COBOURG! what remains for thee,

But retrospective thought, and misery?—

Thy well-fledg'd Hopes had scarcely shap'd their
flight

To glory's radiant and majestic height,

Ere they were stricken,—and, to endless night,

Fell lifeless and unplum'd!—A fearful stroke!—

Thy blighted breast no trace of joy retains;

But, there, deep-musing Grief supremely reigns,—
 And drags fall'n PATIENCE, weeping, to his yoke.—
 Belov'd AUGUSTA is for ever flown!—
 Thy sleep no more is rest,—thy bed no longer down.

Nor pealing organ, nor the muffled bell,—
 Nor all the lofty music of the choir,—
 Can touch the Soul, or its vast sorrows tell,
 With half the grandeur of the Poet's lyre:
 But *that*, e'en *that*,—tho' potently divine,
 Lacks ampler strength, to speak a KINGDOM's time!—
 In vain, the MUSE her trembling hand applies;
 In vain, she lifts her voice,—'tis chain'd with sighs;
 Her bosom labours with prophetic fears;
 She drops her harp,—and gives free vent to tears.

THE LAMENT

OF

LOYALTY AND JUSTICE;

ON THE

Martyrdom of Charles the First:

Written for the 30th of January.

“What Subject can give sentence on his King?”

SHAKESPEARE.

LOYALTY.

WHEN rash Rebellion had, with floods of gore,
The healthful face of BRITON crimson'd o'er,
Triumphant traitors, arm'd with murd'rous sting,
In hour profane, destroy'd a virtuous King.

JUSTICE.

Then, far from Earth, by weeping MERCY led,
Bleeding, appall'd, and faint of soul, I fled;
For ev'ry wrong which sainted CHARLES receiv'd,
Of some chief nerve my sacred frame bereav'd:
But, last and heaviest, that by which he fell,
Smote my firm heart, and burst each vital cell.

LOYALTY.

Nor were *my* wounds less numerous and deep;—
 Forgive these tears,—I cannot choose but weep!—
 My stedfast sons, their charter'd freedom lost,
 On the wild surge of Tyranny were toss'd;—
 Spoil'd of their lands,—to bitter exile driv'n,—
 Their only succours—Conscience, Hope, and Heav'n!

JUSTICE.

O, more than trebly stand those Souls accurs'd,
 Who from the bands of their allegiance burst,—
 Who conjur'd up the fiends of lawless strife,—
 And impiously depriv'd their SIRE of life;
 Placing fell Outrage on that awful height,
 Where, erst, enthron'd, with MERCY on my right,
 I forth pronounc'd, free as the curbless seas,
 Impartial and immutable decrees!

LOYALTY.

Long as the pow'rs of SOV'REIGNTY remain,—
 Till the bright Orb of BRITISH LAWS shall wane,—
 And eyeless ANARCHY her misty shroud
 Cast o'er the realm, and all distinction cloud,—
 On each return of this disastrous day,
 I ne'er shall cease, inspir'd with holy ray,
 To STUART's shade a mourning rite to pay. }

OWHYHEE ;

THE

NAVIGATORS' EPICEDIUM :

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG, OR REHEARSED, WHEN THE

REMAINS OF

THE IMMORTAL COOK

WERE COMMITTED TO THE DEEP.

" If ever thou hast felt another's pain,—
 If ever, when he sigh'd, hast sigh'd again,—
 If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear
 That Pity had engender'd, drop one *here !*"

COWPER.

FAREWELL to the peace-beaming STAR of
 COMMANDERS !

Farewell to the tongue that made Cowardice brave !
 Flow, flow, troubled Ocean, in gentle meanders, —
 And form a green monument round his dark grave!—
 A smooth, glassy tablet prepare, for our sorrow,—
 As chisels, our tears, swiftly falling, shall be ;
 We'll sculpture his NAME, that the Stranger, to-
 morrow,
 May shun the Barbarians of curs'd OWHYHEE !

His temper was kindly, as cygnet-down floating,
 By Zephyr up-borne, o'er the fresh limpid tide ;

THE GOUT ;

OR,

MUTUAL TRIBULATION :

ADDRESSED

TO MY FRIEND, AND FELLOW-SUFFERER, T. S. S****, ESQ.

“ ——— curse the Gout, Serpigo, and the Rheum !”

SHAKESPEARE.

GRAVE TOURISTS, quaintly, prate about
 Italian racks,—the Russian knout,—
 The burning of the Gentoo Wife,—
 The torture of the scalping knife,—
 The vengeance that awaits the Man
 Who ridicules the Alcoran ;—
 These Pains—(a plague upon their rout !)
 Are all united in the GOUT !

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 Forgive these tears,—I cannot choose but weep!—
 My stedfast sons, their charter'd freedom lost,
 On the wild surge of Tyranny were toss'd;—
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His temper was kindly, as cygnet-down floating,
 By Zephyr up-borne, o'er the fresh limpid tide ;

THE RECANTATION;

OR,

AN APOLOGY

TO THAT HIGH AND MIGHTY * MAGISTRATE, THE
GOUT; FOR THE SCURRILOUS AND UNMERITED
ABUSE HE RECEIVED IN THE TERMAGANT PIECE
FOREGOING.

“ Who by Repentance is not satisfy’d,
Is nor of Heav’n, nor Earth!—”

SHAKESPEARE.

GREAT CHIEF of TORMENTS, forc’d or free,
That visit frail Mortality,—
Most cogent GOUT, I cry you mercy—
For tempesting, like † HARRY PERCY,—
And suff’ring filthy scorn to slip
Against your rev’rend JUSTICESHIP!—

* This JUSTICE is, unquestionably, one of the most rigorous of the QUORUM; yet, tho’ his awards be sometimes *unmercifully strained*, he generally punishes those who have offended against the rules of *plain living*, according to *strict equity*, and the *true letter of the law*!

† HOTSPUR.

To say the Truth—(for Truth I hold
 An advocate, with heart of gold,
 And silver tongue,—who loves to plead,
 Without a Fee, or promis'd Meed !)
 A rascally IMPOSTHUME, Sir,
 With twinges, throbs,—(a lime-pit stir,—)
 And hot as any spirit-butt,—
 Caus'd a rebellion—in my foot !

And, faith, the fiery mimic Elf
 Appear'd so like your portly self,
 In ev'ry talon, tooth, and feature,—
 I could not well disprove the Creature !
 But, when he show'd his conic crest,—
 And all the *rascal* rose confess'd,—
 I tongu'd him with as free a will,
 As Client curses Lawyer's bill !
 Be-scoundrel'd and be-villain'd him,
 Till choler's froth ran o'er the brim !—
 Yea, call'd him all the brutish names
 Which groundlings use, in rustic games,—
 For setting forth the rosy grace
 That blooms upon your WORSHIP's face ;
 And (Arch-Impostor !) aping, too,
 The functions that belong to you !

Now, since you've heard my truthful plea,
I crave your HONOUR's clemency;—
Securely trust, your lynx-ey'd sense
Will see, at once, mine innocence;
And wish your WORSHIP long existence,——
In faith, I do,—tho' *at a distance* !

JUSTICE GOUT'S REPLY.

"Petition me no petitioning!"

TOM THUMB.

THAN your's, in Measure somewhat quainter,
 I send you greetings, MASTER PAYNTER!
 Such greetings, as the chary Fox
 Bestows upon well-guarded flocks,—
 When moor-grass browsing,
 And dew carousing,—
 Their fleeces white as bridal smocks.

You, pitifully, head your plea
 With strain from SHAKESPEARE's minstrelsy:
 Before *my* verse, I place a crumb
 Of that sweet manchet—"TOMMY THUMB!"
 Which, by the Lord,
 Outweighs a horde
 Of puling rhymes—at least, a plumb!

Now, from the tenour of your pleading,—
 Which, truly, is not worth the reading,—
 It seems, to me, as clear as day—
 Had I but made your foot my prey,
 Like 'SQUIRE IMPOSTHUME,
 Who ap'd my costume,—
 Your tongue had rail'd the self-same way !

'Tis true, hot Luxury's my Pander ;
 But are not you a brainless gander,
 To *feast* upon * *poetic chat* ?
 Go to ;—I'll hear no more o' that !—
 In vinous juice,
 And dainties spruce,
 You'll revel—if you *can*,—† that's flat !

'Twixt you and me, all versifiers
 Are moonstruck fools, and frontless liars !—

* It is conjectured, that the *facetious* (an *epithet*, by the way, which several of the BENCH have *removed* from their respective *Districts*, by virtue of the *Vagrant Act* !) and discerning MAGISTRATE, here, alludes to the two following lines ; which may be found in the scurvy and irreverent Poem, entitled—*The Gout ; or Mutual Tribulation* :

“ But no luxurious Sots are we,—
Poetic chat our revelry !”

† Under favour, your WORSHIP hath been guilty of a palpable plagiarism from SHAKESPEARE ; who puts the blustering, plebeian phrase—“ *that's flat*—” into the mouth of HOTSPUR.

The best of them is but a sot,—
 On Reason's face a *charter'd blot*!—

The senseless chimes
 Of mincing rhymes
 Are—like crack'd bells—not worth a jot!

O, let me, Sir, once catch *you* tripping,—
 Ambrosia mumping, Nectar sipping,—
 Or swerving from your temp'rate bent,—
 My wit shall Stygian Pains invent:—

I'll pinch you scarlet,
 Cajoling varlet!

Tea, twinge you—to your heart's content!

THE
GLOW-WORM,
 AND
THE ROTTEN TREE:

A FABLE.

IN grassy dell, one Summer night,
 A GLOW-WORM show'd her em'rald light;
 And straying near a sapless TREE,
 Whose mould'ring trunk look'd flamingly,—
 (Like Phosphorus, or blazing * Rack,—
 Or fresh-caught herring's silver back,—)
 Shrewd glances one at t' other cast,—
 And 'twixt 'em snappish greetings pass'd.

At length, the TREE all temper lost,—
 And, thus, the shining INSECT cross'd:
 “How dar'st thou, Grub, provoke mine ire,
 By vaunting, here, thy saucy fire?—

Betake thee hence, if thou art wise,—
 Or, presently, thy lustre dies !—
 How soon my beams eclipse thy tail !—
 What madness brought thee to this vale ?”

Quoth GLOW-WORM, “Pr’ythee, peace,—for shame!
 To rottenness thou ow’st *thy* flame :—
 With me, proud *Wood*, *this light* was born,—
 So, tow’rds thy betters, spare thy scorn.”

“ My betters ?” echo’d TREE, with bile ;
 “ Fine language, for a thing so vile !—
 Know, vap’ring Minx, in days of yore,
 For thrice-ten Summers, *leaves* I bore ;
 And now, though ag’d and naked, shine
 With far superior glow to thine !—
 Thy species scarce have five months’ breath,—
 And soon, alas ! are starv’d to death ;
 But mine thro’ countless seasons last,—
 Enduring Sun, and Winter’s blast.”

“ Tho’ short our lives,” cry’d WORM, with sigh,—
 “ We gain the love of many an eye !—
 Our little lamps we often bring,
 T’ illuminate the FAIRY RING ;

And, there, the Sire and Court we see
 Light tripping to the pipe of Bee:
 Nay, when we die, 'tis OB'RON'S hest—
 Our tails be lodg'd in jewel-chest!—
 So, shall I shine in FAIRY LAND,
 When thou art rooted from thy stand."

While, thus, they hotly cop'd, in spite
 And envy of each other's light,—
 And were by vanity up-borne,—
 The *Stars* were laughing them to scorn.

So, when a *brace* of *dapper Wits*,
 Encountering,—in angry fits,
 Their namby-pamby forces try,—
 And, vainly, for the mast'ry vie,—
 The *Giants*, mutely, watch the fray,—
 And smile to see their *dwarfish* play.

EPITAPH:

DESIGNED FOR THE MONUMENT OF A LADY'S BELOVED

LAP-DOG,—LATELY DECEASED.

WEEP, weep, YE NINE! let all your brows be
bound

With Cypress-wreaths;—and thou, PARNASSUS, wound

The heavy, sunless air, with fearful moans,—

And, as the rugged ÆTNA, burst with groans!—

Be all your harps, bless'd Choir! with sable hung;—

Let not departed *Merit* rot, unsung:

But, trembling, touch the sorrow-speaking strings,—

Bid PEGASUS stretch out his drooping wings,—

And waft your pensive dirges to the skies;

For, here, alas! withdrawn from mortal eyes,

The Prince of *Pets*,—BELINDA'S *Lap-dog* lies:—

Whose *spirit*, if PYTHAG'RAS may be trusted,

Is now, perchance, with *human clay* incrusted.—

Thus, did his Mistress wail his doleful knell:

“Heigh-ho, forlorn BELINDA!—*ding-dong, bell!*—

Thou pretty, peerless *Pug*, a long farewell!”

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR, AND SUNG AT, THE ANNIVERSARY

MEETING OF

"*THE MANCHESTER PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY*;"

IN AUGUST, 1816.

"Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature ev'n,
And opens in each heart a little Heav'n."

NO more let Bards and Heroes claim
The clarion of immortal FAME,
Thus proudly, and alone!
PHILANTHROPISTS far more achieve,—
At once, they pity and relieve,—
And still Misfortune's moan.

The meed aspiring souls reject,
Beneficence would blush t' expect :
'Tis praise enough, to give the Wretched aid ;—
For this we were conjoin'd,—for this were made !—

Divine PHILANTHROPY, all-hail !

To thee, this happy day,

We dedicate our lay :—

If Heav'n approve, we shall—we must prevail.

Throughout the world, O, may'st thou find

A home in ev'ry honest mind,—

A cheerful home, like *this* !—

Long may thy favour'd vot'ries join,—

And feel, with *thee* and rosy *wine*,

The highest earthly bliss !

THE
POET AND THE THIEF.

ONE murky Even, full of Bacchus,
A POET, near the banks of TRENT,
Was reeling home, like *Roman* * FLACCUS,
On neither rhyme nor reason bent;

When, suddenly, from furze-bush, darted
A sturdy THIEF, with pistols twain,—
Crying—(the BARD nor winc'd, nor started,)
“Deliver, Sir; or you are slain!”

“*Deliver?*” quoth he; “pr’ythee, what?—
I am not worth a single *line*;—
You see me, now, a very sot,—
To-morrow, Friend, I’ll speak ye nine!”

* HORACE, be it remembered, was a boon companion, and had
a sovereign contempt for your water-drinking “Ballad-mongers!”

“Tush, Man! your money ’tis I lack;—

Come, come,—lug out,—I’ll safely stow it!”—

“An empty house thou canst not sack,——

* *Cantabit vacuus*——I’m a PoET!”

“Plague on’t! if so,” SIR GIBBET said;

“I’ll hie me to my bush again;—

We drive, ’twould seem, a kindred trade,—

You *steal* from BOOKS,—and I from MEN.”

* “*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*”

TRANSLATION.

“The traveller whose purse resembles a *dried eel-skin*, may whistle *Sir Roger De Coverley*, (or any other tune, ancient or modern,) in the face of the boldest thief in Christendom.”

THE
CONTENTED SPOUSE.

WRITTEN ON THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF MY WEDDING,
 FEBRUARY, 16, 1818.

‘O, happiness of sweet, retir’d Content!’

DENHAM.

WHILE Striplings sigh in sugar’d verse,
 Invoking SYLPH and FAIRY,—
 A Husband, surely, may rehearse
 The love he bears to MARY.

No puling vows he’ll e’er employ,
 To prove his passion chary;
 Nor e’er with fiction’s dross alloy
 The praise he gives to MARY.

At home, abroad,—in joy, or grief,—
 Her heart is ever wary:
 Who yields not to this truth belief,
 Does wrong to him and MARY.

Let courtly fools their vain intrigues
Pursue, with licence airy ;—
He fondly boasts no am'rous leagues,—
But those he keeps with MARY !

Five years, she now hath been *his* wife,
Whose faith will never vary ;
But whilst he holds one spark of life,—
That spark shall burn for MARY.

A FIELD-PIECE:

WRITTEN NEAR A COUNTRY-CHURCH.—1810.

THE Day is spent,—each warbler perch'd in peace,
 Amid yon tuft of green, expanding trees ;
 The murm'ring wind and human clamours cease ;
 The weary Brute to grassy pillow flees.

Keen, twinkling Stars now gem the vaulted sky ;
 The hoary Moon in solemn glory tow'rs ;
 With smoothest speed, the darting meteors fly,—
 While wakeful Sorrow counts the livelong hours.

Full on the summit of yon leafless oak,
 Two mournful ravens take their nightly stand,—
 And, in one hoarse and hideous note, oft croak—
 Till blushing TWILIGHT shows her russet hand.

Yon little Church no gorgeous art displays,—
No costly tombs enrich its hallow'd yard ;
But chaste Simplicity the whole arrays,—
And rustic Grandeur strikes th' enraptur'd Bard!—

While you, licentious revellers, essay
To cheat the sober minutes of this night,—
Here will I muse, and wait th' approach of day,—
With fumeless head, and heart untouch'd with
spite.

THE
PLAINDEALING LOVER.

“ I never stoop’d so low, as they
Who on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey.”
DONNE.

NARCISSA was my heart’s first heir,—
Yet not because her skin was fair,—
Or that she held two jetty eyes ;
Such fading things I ne’er could prize :
I lov’d her, for her soul *seem’d* meek ;
But, in the course of one brief week,
(What cannot wary courtship do ?)
I stripp’d the *Saint*,—and found—a *Shrew* !

FLOTELLA, flippant, gay, and warm,
Next, took my heart, as ’twere, by storm !—
From dimpled cheek, or scarlet lip,
I never yet could Nectar sip ;—

'Twas not the beauty of her face
 That won me,—but her *fluent grace* ;—
 Yet soon I plumb'd her *depth of merit*,—
 And found—she ow'd to *drams her spirit*.

CORINNA, next, inflam'd my soul
 With *Passion*, hot—as *burning coal* !—
 Tho' CUPID, with his shaft and bow,
 Lay ambush'd in her breast of snow,—
 'Twas thro' the *neatness* of her *garb*,
 My heart receiv'd the Urchin's barb :—
 Abroad, she *seem'd* a *perfect pattern*,—
 At home, I always found—the *Slattern* !

MONIMIA, next, a dove-ey'd dame,
 Inspir'd a pure, empyreal flame !—
 Her visage was a Paradise,
 Enclos'd, as 'twere, with wall of *Ice* :—
 By day, she *seem'd* the Child, or Niece,
 Of ROME's fam'd Matron, chaste LUCRECE,—
 A very DIAN,—fair as THAIS ;
 But, all night long, was *found*—a LAIS !

Some twenty Passions more I nurs'd,—
 But was no sooner bless'd, than curs'd ;—

Their objects all with faults were cloudy,—
This BELLE a *vixen*,—that, a *dowdy* !
One, in demeanour, lax and easy,—
Another, sullen, proud, and queasy :—
In short, I've brought my heart to *test*,—
And *find*—I love MYSELF the *best* !

ODE:

WRITTEN FOR, AND PERFORMED AT, THE ANNIVERSARY
MEETING OF

"*THE MANCHESTER PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY*;"

IN AUGUST, 1817.

" Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,—
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive."

WHEN Reason's pow'r had tam'd the barb'rous
mind,

And stubborn hearts instructed to be kind,
A Heav'n-born Nymph, in downy Pity dress'd,
First grac'd the world, to cheer the hopeless breast.

Yet long she idly shone,

Unnotic'd and unknown;

Save by a scatter'd Few,

Who paid the homage due,—

Receiv'd her with affection free,—

And call'd her soft PHILANTHROPY!

At length, BRITANNIA saw her,—and admir'd;—
 She heard her Angel-accents,—and was fir'd;—
 Her gallant sons were summon'd,—and appear'd;—
 They hail'd the Nymph,—and worshipp'd as they
 cheer'd!

 With noble zeal possess'd,
 They follow'd her behest,—
 And jointly strove to raise the drooping Poor:
 Their labour was not vain;—
 They sooth'd the Widow's pain,—
 And snatch'd the Orphan from transgression's lure.

 The Vestal, now imperial grown,
 Makes ev'ry BRITISH HEART her THRONE;
 From which she views each order of distress:
 The deeds her gen'rous spirit moves,
 Aloud the present age approves,—
 But after-times will both applaud and bless.

TOBACCO.

"I do hold it, and will affirm it, before any Prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious Weed that ever the Earth tendered to the use of man."

BEN JONSON.

YE blister-mouth, blood-heating Knaves—

Pimento, Clove, Cinnamon, Mace—

Your fumes be the Incense of Slaves

Who worship swoln Luxury's face:—

TOBACCO the theme of *my* verse,—

And sure such a subject may claim

Rhyme and Reason as forcibly terse,

As * *Dæmons of Water and Flame.*

* These incomprehensible elementary Devils have long been the darling subjects of modern *Ballad-mongery*: however, the ingenious MR. COLMAN, by an excellent piece of humour, has given so *clear* an exposition of the mysteries of "*Water-Fiends*," that 'tis a matter of question, whether all the *mud* of the Nile, together with the sluggish flow of *muddy* versification, will be sufficient to screen these *furious Aquatics*, in future, from the cunning eye of laughter-loving Ridicule!

In a Box of TOBACCO resides

The SOUL of Good-Humour and Peace;

On its redolent vapour he rides,—

And gives the chain'd spirits release:—

'Tis his the mind's tempest to calm,—

To cheat Scorpion-Care of his Dart,—

And apply an emollient balm

To sorrows that canker the heart.

When our brains, to accomplish some end,

Are tax'd with a chaos of schemes,—

In TOBACCO we find a sage Friend,

Who *light* on the Wilderness beams:

And tho' he lack surgical skill

A broken contrivance to splice,

We cannot but own his good-will,—

And thank him for all his Advice.

In Fellowships, reckless or wise,

If converse should happen to fail,—

TOBACCO the chasm supplies,—

And rouses the slumbering tale:—

At home, when our wit sullen grows,

For want of Society's tongue,—

Take a *Pipe*, and it presently glows—

A PRIOR, or ethical YOUNG !

Of Shepherd's soft, tunable reed,

Tho' Madrigal-Bards often speak,—

No Music, methinks, can exceed

The Puffing of sweet Indian Reek !—

Ye SMOKERS ! in Fashion's despite,

(SIR GRAVITY, POET, and RAKE !)

Preserve, with your Incense, from blight,

The *Mem'ry* of honest old * DRAKE !

* SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, who first brought TOBACCO to England,
in the year 1585.

ROUNDELAY.

“**D**AMON knows not how to woo !”

DELIA said, with many a sigh ;

“ Who regards the Turtle’s coc,

When the Thrush is warbling nigh ?—

Ah, that DELIA were less true !

Or her Swain were not so shy !

“ Who regards the Turtle’s coo,

When the Thrush is warbling nigh ?—

STREPHON dares with boldness sue,—

DAMON, falt’ring, seems to die :—

Ah, that DELIA were less true !

Or her Swain were not so shy !

“ STREPHON dares with boldness sue,—

DAMON, falt’ring, seems to die :

Oft, I wish to say—Adieu !

But, as oft, those wishes fly :—

Ah, that DELIA were less true !

Or her Swain were not so shy !

“ Oft, I wish to say—Adieu !

But, as oft, those wishes fly :—”

DAMON heard the fair One rue,—

And, ’tis said, took heart to cry—

“ DELIA, be not thou less true,—

And thy Swain will ne’er be shy !”

POETIC MEASURES.

DEEP dirges pealing from the solemn Organ's womb,—
 The rolling thunder of the boist'rous Kettledrum ;
 The doleful chanting of harmonious Quire,—
 The suasive Music of Timotheus' Lyre ;—
 The Trumpet's shrill blast, in the still of the Morn,—
 The chorus of Birds, and the mellow-ton'd Horn ;
 The neighing of the mettled Steed,—
 The silver sound of Shepherd's Reed ;
 The Fiddle, promoter of Life,—
 The squealing of dissonant Fife ;
 The softly-breathing Flute,—
 The sweetly-plaintive Lute ;
 The Hautboy's full breath,—
 The Swan-note of death ;
 The midnight Bell,—
 Foul Witch's yell ;
 Brats crying,—
 Love sighing ;
 Bagpipes' drone,
 Bugle's tone ;
 Cock's crow,—
 Brook's flow ;
 Lispers'
 Whispers ;
 Hist !
 List !

WHAT'S A SONNET?

A Mincing, picktooth, gaunt, poetic prig,—
 Whose languid thoughts, fantastically dress'd,
 In fourteen drowsy verses are express'd;
 Which idly flow, like curls of periwig,—
 Or amble, in a sort of mazy Jig:—
 To speak my mind, a *Sonnet* is, at best,
 (No umbrage to old PETRARCH, and the rest!)
 Just worth the kernel of a rascal fig;
 And nothing wants, to make it *scantly* so,
 But tripping measure,—like a Milkmaid's gait,
 Or rapid strut of graceless village-beau:
 Yet, whether it move briskly, or in state,—
 We may discern—and readily—I trow,
 The *specious* coxcomb, with an *empty* pate.

DIFFIDENCE.

OFT has the MUSE, on fiery pinions, soar'd,
 By Fancy marshall'd, to th' Olympian Height,—
 And, unabash'd, alighted 'midst the GODS,
 In Council met, with all their ATTRIBUTES;
 Or, PALLAS-LIKE, in dazzling terror mail'd,
 Advanc'd, impetuous; 'mongst embattled hosts:
 Recounting, there, the force of Heav'nly tongues,—
 And, here, the steely wrath of hostile Chiefs.—
 Such eagle-flights my Soul would fain attempt,—
 But DIFFIDENCE her fledged wings hath lim'd;
 And, like young Larks, when first they quit their
 nest,

She flutt'ring sings, as 'twere, upon the ground;
 And makes essay, her buoyant pow'r thus clogg'd,
 To rise aloft, in vain. Distressful state!
 Scarce equall'd by the pangs of hopeless Love.
 Whilst happier BARDS, dismayless, mount on high,
 And warble forth their vary'd strains sublime,—
 With feeble hand, my MUSE attunes her lyre,—
 In tame subjection to this GIANT FEAR;
 Which All, thro' childhood, more or less, endure;
 But Few, in modern times, save those whose nerves
 Are exquisitely wrought, its mast'ry bear
 Beyond their boyish and unthoughtful days.

TO THE MEMORY
OF SHAKESPEARE:

WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTY-THIRD OF APRIL, 1816;
AND DELIVERED TO A SMALL PARTY OF FRIENDS,
WHO ASSEMBLED TO COMMEMORATE THE DAY.

“ — nothing to *his* Genius was deny'd;
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze *he* shone;
And *his* bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.”

DRYDEN.

“ Funde merum Genio ——— ”

HOR. SAT. VI.

'T WAS on this day, two-hundred years ago,
The purple tide of SHAKESPEARE ceas'd to flow;—
This day, grim *Death* o'er STRATFORD wing'd his
flight,—

Resolv'd to show Mankind his keenest spite:—
Swift to its aim his shaft unerring sped,—
The POET fell—the Soul of GENIUS fled.—
O, star-like SHAKESPEARE! Pride of ev'ry Age!
The Prince,—the God,—the Glory of the Stage!—
When, like the Lark, aloft thy Spirit soars,
The CRITIC *wonders*,—but the BARD *adores*!

Forgets the sapient * GRECIAN's classic Rules,
 And all the irksome lumber of the Schools,—
 To cull the honey from thy dædal Plays,—
 The wildest sweet,—the sweetest past all praise!—
 Great NATURE's *Minion*! FANCY's fav'rite *Flow'r*!
 The MUSES' *Darling*! Foe to ART's frail pow'r!
 "We Few,—we happy Few," with rev'rence free,
 This † GLASS—now *blushing*—consecrate to THEE.

* ARISTOTLE.

† PORT-WINE.

TO THE
MEMORY OF OTWAY.

“ Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,—
But Genius must be born, and never can be taught :
This is *thy* portion ; this *thy* native store——”

DRYDEN.

AMONG the DRAMA's sov'reign Masters, none
Out-rivals OTWAY, save th' AVONIAN SWAN ;
Divinely fraught, he mounts on equal wings,—
And, like the night's lone * *Minstrel*, sweetly sings.
Whether his MUSE depict an earthly JOVE,
Or paint the gentler lineaments of Love,—
Her voice the same harmonious tenour holds,—
And ev'ry charm of Poetry unfolds.—
When PIERRE declaims, all hearts, responsive, leap ;—
At BELVIDERA's plaint, e'en STOICKS weep !
The fiercest combats of the noblest mind,
'Twixt Love and Friendship, we in JAFFIER find ;—
And while he vents his confluence of woe,
Our bosoms throb,—and tears incessant flow.—
Unhappy BARD ! at once, the heir of praise,
And kill'd by *Famine*, in AUGUSTAN DAYS !—
Not thus will perish thy well-grounded FAME,—
'Twill stand immortal with great SHAKESPEARE's
NAME.

* The *Nightingale*.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MILTON.

“How noble in Reason! how infinite in Faculties!”

SHAKESPEARE.

“MILTON, whose Genius had angelic wings,—
And fed on Manna!”

COWPER.

AS when sweet JUBAL wak'd his new-wrought lyre,
And gave discourse to each unconscious wire,—
His wistful hearers, thronging mutely round,
Drank vary'd transport from the silver sound:
So when the Muse of awful MILTON smote
Her hallow'd harp, on each entrancing note
A thousand minds, with admiration, hung,—
Nay, own'd her more than GODDESS, as she sung—
With voice sublime, and on a mighty plan,
'The Joys of EDEN,—and THE FALL OF MAN!—
Minstrel of old! thy diadem of Bays—
(The lawful guerdon of immortal lays!)
Not Spite's keen breath, nor Envy's pois'nous dew,
Shall nip its verdure,—bright'ning, still, anew:—
But while sweet POESY shall wear a charm,—
Till sunclad GENIUS lack the pow'r to warm,—
That Thou wert born, all EUROPE shall rejoice,—
And hail thy Muse—THE BIRD OF PARADISE!

TO THE MEMORY

OF DRYDEN AND POPE.

“ While silver Helicon delights the taste,
 And while the Muses’ sacred Mount shall last,—
 Their Songs for *you*, the Sisters shall design,—
 The grateful *Subjects* of the tuneful Nine.”

HOPKINS.

HAIL, mighty MONARCHS of the LYRIC VERSE !—
 Plain, without triteness,—grand, yet sweetly terse,—
 ’Twas your’s the *Wilds* of Poesy to fence,—
 And render RHYME the *Feudal Slave* of SENSE :
 ’Twas your’s to sing with mastery, that might
 A ZOILUS hush,—content a STAGIRITE.—
 Read “ ALEXANDER’S FEAST,”—“ CECILIA’S DAY,—”
 (The first divine,—the last a finish’d lay,—)
 And in each fire-wrapp’d Number may be heard
 The fullest warblings of the THEBAN BIRD.—
 The stately MARO, and the loftier SWAN
 Who sung of ILION and her warlike Clan,—
 Had borne, awhile, the grossest violations,
 By piecemeal Versions, and obscure Translations ;
 When both, encumber’d with their wrongs, applied,
 At sev’ral times,—and on redress relied,—
 (Nor long unanswer’d was their sanguine hope,)
 To manly DRYDEN, and the polish’d POPE !

TO THE
MEMORY OF ADDISON.

“ His Life was gentle, and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world—*This was a Man!*”

SHAKESPEARE.

MILD, as the breathing of the mellow Flute,—
 Sweet, as the warbling of the plaintive lute,—
 Sublimely solemn, as the voice of Seer,—
 Or Angel chaunting from her happy sphere,—
 By turns, the Muse of ADDISON is heard,—
 Reclaiming Guilt,—by conscious Folly fear'd.—
 Excelling Graces in his periods flow,—
 Smooth as the THAMES,—majestic as the Po:—
 The flag of Ethics, there, we view unfurl'd,—
 The first ESSAYIST in the British World!—
 In Verse less apt,—yet worthy full regard;—
 If not divine,—at least, a noble BARD!—
 Heroes his theme,—like pure Promethean Fire,
 The Roman Spirit animates his lyre.—
 List godlike “ CATO!” eloquent, yet calm!—
 See *Pagan* wormwood, chang'd to *Christian* balm!—
 Ages shall pass, ere Nature model one—
 Endu'd with parts, to form an ADDISON!

TO THE MEMORY OF
FIELDING AND SMOLLET,
 THE GREAT ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

“Immortal heirs of universal praise.”

POPE.

TO jeer the follies of a foppish Age,
 To scourge its vices, and abate their rage,—
 To shame with humour, and reform with wit,
 Th’ intriguing Courtier, and licentious Cit,—
 FIELDING and SMOLLET, like TWIN-STARS, shone
 forth,—

Equals in splendour, symmetry, and worth.—
 Tho’ France LE SAGE, and Spain CERVANTES boast,
 Our English WITS may proudly keep their post ;—
 For whilst “GIL BLAS” and mighty “QUIXOTE”
 stand,
 Will “JONES” and “PICKLE” hold their full com-
 mand!—

The GAUL and SPANIARD had a blessed doom ;—
 Each dy’d at home,—and found a native tomb :
 But BRITAIN’S WORTHIES—(an unenvied lot !)
 ’Mongst * Strangers perish’d,—and obscurely rot.—

* FIELDING died, and was buried, at LISBON ; SMOLLET near
 LEGHORN, in ITALY.

Yet shall their NAMES, in sun-like radiance dress'd,
 On Time's broad pinions, undiminish'd, rest;
 Till Learning's wrack, without a cloud, appear
 Two sov'reign PLANETS, in our HEMISPHERE.

TO THE
MEMORY OF GOLDSMITH.

"He glows with all the Spirit of the Bard!"
 BURNS.

GREAT *Wit* and *Phrensy* are, in PINDAR, join'd;
Genius and *Folly*, in our GOLDSMITH's mind!—
 Were't not for clouds, the Sun would irk the sight,—
 And all mankind might wish a *Greenland Night*!—
Folly but serves as *Wit's* dull, slavish foil,—
 A thistle growing in well-cultur'd soil.—
 That Soul unsocial needs must widely err,
 Which loathes communion with "THE TRAVELLER;"
 Views rivers, mountains, meads of em'rald-green,—
 Yet turns, disgusted, from th' instructive scene!—
 That heart must be impervious as the rock,
 Which feels no thrill,—no pleasurable shock,—

When he recounts the simple * VILLAGE TALE,—
 A Christian's empire o'er his happy vale !—
 The *playful* MUSE he blithly hath address'd,—
 And, for the *mournful*, serious love express'd ;—
 By both, his sov'reign GENIUS is confess'd !
 Full many a rhyme hath prov'd a *spurious* Bill,—
 But GOLDSMITH's Mintage will be *sterling*, still.

TO THE
 MEMORY OF BURNS,
 THE SCOTTISH BARD.

“ His Soul was, here, all harmony and love.”

DRYDEN.

WHEN BURNS expir'd, the heart-struck MUSES
 met,

To mourn the STAR of Scottish MINSTRELS, set:
 Their downcast eyes a heav'nly sorrow shed,
 Like that which flow'd, when TROY's great CHIEF-
 TAIN bled.

With lengthen'd sighs their doleful music vied,—
 And sobbing NATURE to the strain replied:
 For she, in him, had lost a darling Child,—

* This is equally applicable to “THE DESERTED VILLAGE,”
 and “THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.”

Nurs'd in her lap,—by GENIUS tutor'd, wild !
 Her grief, indeed, was scarce of heavier cast,
 When her *lief* Fondling, SHAKESPEARE, breath'd his
 last.—

Compar'd with * *him*, each living POET's Lay
 Is sullen Night oppos'd to jocund Day.—
 Whate'er his theme, vast wit with feeling strove,—
 And all he wrote was “Harmony and Love.”
 To monumental brass, or Parian stone,
 E'en PRINCES owe their posthumous renown ;
 But BURNS, immortaliz'd by BURNS, stands free
 From needless debts to vaunting pageantry ;—
 If aught HE owe,—great NATURE ! 'tis to THEE.

* *His Works.*

TO THE
MEMORY OF TOBIN,

THE SHAMEFULLY-SLIGHTED AUTHOR OF "THE
 HONEY-MOON."

"The World o'erlook'd him in her busy search
 Of objects, more *illustrious* in her view;
 And, occupied as earnestly as she,
 Tho' more sublimely, he o'erlook'd the World!"

COWPER.

LED on by cold NEGLECT's all-flinty hand,
 The PRINCE OF TERRORS took his stedfast stand,—
 Couch'd his keen lance—devoid of *princely* ruth—
 And martyr'd TOBIN, in the May of youth!—
 His ear thus clos'd against the voice of praise,—
 What boots it, *now*, that we extol those Lays
 Which, while the Minstrel liv'd, were trill'd in vain,—
 A Lark's sweet warblings, o'er the *desert* Plain?—
 Tho' carping Envy *tax* his MUSE with *theft*—
 Nay, *prove* the charge—such beauties, still, are left,—
 Such spicy shrubs, and flow'rs all-incense, found,—
 As ne'er could spring but from poetic ground!—
 Well may we think—and 'twere no impious thought—
 That he sometimes, by inspiration, caught
 A little spark of that electric fire

Which brightly radiates round his SHAKESPEARE'S
lyre!—

With ANGELS leagu'd, (tho', *here*, o'ercast his Noon,)
He *now* enjoys a glorious "HONEY-MOON!"

TO THE
MEMORY OF SHERIDAN.

"To him no Author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own."

DENHAM.

THALIA weep! revert thy wonted tone;
Sublimely, now, in tragic Numbers, moan;—
E'en with thy mighty * SISTER strive to soar;—
The effort's due,—sweet SHERIDAN deplore!—
'Too soon, alas! he ceas'd the sportive Song;
'Too soon renounc'd thee, for the COURTLY THRONG:
His lyre laid down, dull drones assum'd his grace,—
Whose wit was pertness,—humour, vile grimace.—
When manly force and elegance unite,
They form a gem pre-eminently bright!—
No drowsy Scenes degrade his sprightly Plays;
No Speech is sullied with a ribald's phrase:
Each glowing thought, in easy diction dress'd,
Straight movesthe Heart,—true MERIT's fairest test!—

Nor, in the SENATE, flow'd his eloquence
 With coarser wit, or less persuasive sense.—
 His laurell'd NAME, an AMARANTHINE FLOW'R,
 Shall blightless live, till MEM'RY's latest hour.

THE COFFIN-NAIL:

ADDRESSED TO THE HUMOURSOME LOUNGERS OF THE
 NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY OLIVER OBSOLETE.

"Sermons in Stones——"
 SHAKESPEARE:

A Parlous Jester, in mad *Yorick's vein*,
 (You may give credence, FOPS,—I do not feign,)
 Scorning a boastful *plate* * of *Metal pale*,
 His crab-stick crested with a COFFIN-NAIL.

Perchance, in spleen, ye'll cry—"A witty Bird!"
 Ay, Sirs,—'twas wit in *act*, tho' not in *word*;
 For what more sagely tells you—Life is frail,
 Than a staid, honest, truthful COFFIN-NAIL.

FIBBLERS, I charge you — (would 'twere Fashion's
 hest !)

Anon, renounce the furbish'd silver crest:—

* *Silver.*

With one accord, this INNOVATOR hail,—
And take the cautions of a COFFIN-NAIL!

Methinks, I hear you *bray*—"Good Heav'n forefend,
That we should, *thus*, be warn'd, Boys, of our end!"
Vent what ye list,—against th' *Example* rail,—
Yet, still, there's *Wisdom* in a COFFIN-NAIL!

SIR JOHN BARLEY-CORN:

A SONG.

ENOUGH, ruddy BACCHUS, have Bards told thy
praise,

In spirited Catches, and mirth-rousing lays;
'Tis time, now, methinks, to say something of One
Not less meritorious—the honest SIR JOHN!

O, lusty, brown KNIGHT!

Sweet, mirthful, old Wight!

Hail, honest, thrice-honest SIR JOHN!

Tho' Dullards plethoric, and milksops declare—
Thy draughts both the Heart and the Judgment
impair,—

That POET thy honour profanely abuses,

Who says thou art not a true Friend of the Muses,—

O, lusty, brown KNIGHT!

Sweet, mirthful, old Wight!

Dear, honest, thrice-honest SIR JOHN!

When smitten with mental or bodily grief,

Who takes thy sage counsel is sure of relief:

No recreant old Liar, like FALSTAFF, art thou,—

But the brave, truthful KNIGHT of the bless'd BARLEY-

Mow!

O, lusty, brown KNIGHT!

Sweet, mirthful, old Wight!

Dear, honest, thrice-honest SIR JOHN!

Some drug-bloated Knaves have long dar'd to assume

Thy gay, mantling face, and its amber-like bloom:

We find thee, 'tis true, in most Taverns an ELF,—

But at home we are certain to find thee THYSELF,—

O, lusty, brown KNIGHT!

Sweet, mirthful, old Wight!

Dear, honest, thrice-honest SIR JOHN!

EPITHALAMIUM:

AT THE SERVICE OF EVERY ANTIQUATED COUPLE.

BLITHSOME *Spring* may boast her pleasures,

Flow'ry *June* her sweetness prove,—

But we find surpassing treasures

In the *Winter-time* of LOVE;

When dew and rain,

In frosty chain,

Nestle in the *leafless* Grove!

O, the charming bliss of blisses,

When *dim* eyes soft *Passion* speak!—

How supremely sweet the kisses,

When *cold* lip meets *wrinkled* cheek!—

But, ah! what tongue

Shall tell the YOUNG—

All the *joys* the ANCIENT seek?

Icicles are CUPID's *Arrows*,—

Snow the *Torch* which HYMEN bears,—

CYPRIA's *Doves* are chirping *Sparrows*,—

Links of *Hail* the *Zone* she wears.

Blind *Horses*, neigh!

Lame *Asses*, bray!

Minstrels to all ancient PAIRS!

INVOCATION TO SLEEP:

IN IMITATION

OF THE POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

“ _____ gentle sleep,
Nature’s soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,—
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,—
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?”

SHAKESPEARE.

MEET KINSMAN of remorseless DEATH,

O, bring thy winged * PAGE divine
From Stygian Elm, whose shade beneath
DREAMS, of unnumber’d forms, recline !

First, with thy downy fingers, press
Mine aching lids,—and swage their pain ;
Anon, each faculty possess,—
And MORPHEUS leave, to hold the chain.

Give him my vexed Soul t’ elate
With happy DREAMS, that amble thro
The *lucid* † *Horn*, not *Iv’ry Gate*,—
For these are false, and those are true.

* MORPHEUS, who, according to Mythology, presents Dreams (which are brought from a large, spreading Elm in Hell, under whose shade they usually sit) to those who sleep.

† VIRGIL informs us, in his 6th *Æneid*, that the Palace of SLEEP has two gates ; one of *polished Ivory*, the other of *transparent Horn* ; thro’ the former of which pass the *Visions* of Falsehood, and thro’ the latter *those* of Truth.

And when I wake, at early day,
 While PHŒBUS breaks from THETIS' womb,
 The hundred *Cares* I cast away,
 Shall form a grateful *Hecatomb*.

THE
UNFOSTERED APPLE-TREE:

WHICH REGULARLY BLOOMS, BUT NEVER PRODUCES
 FRUIT, PROBABLY OWING TO ITS BEING PLANTED
 IN A ROUGH, GRAVELLY SOIL.

IN vain thou blossom'st, hapless Tree !
 On thy frail boughs we ne'er shall see
 Th' Autumnal Fruit, with russet cheek,
 Till thou art plac'd in soil more sleek.

E'en thus, while yet my MUSE was young,
 The bloom of Hope profusely hung
 About her lyre and plaintive lute,—
 But ne'er could ripen into Fruit.

THE DYING OAK.

“ ——— An Oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THOU semblance of gray Eld! time-vanquish'd
OAK,—

Whose wrinkled trunk hath felt the churlish stroke
Of many a Winter-blast!

Nor Peasant's hatchet, once thy mighty dread,—
Nor wind, nor lightning, now affrights thine head,
Thy terrors all are past.

When Jove's gruff Heralds show th' approaching
storm,

Thou, like a Stoick, scoffest at their form,—

And hold'st at naught his Ban :

Yet I would rather thou wert hewn for fewel,
Than see thee lash'd by tempest half so cruel—

As *Spite* 'twixt MAN and MAN !

THE FAIR CHORISTERS.

“ That strain again —
 O, it came o’er mine ear, like the sweet South,
 That breathes upou a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour.” SHAKESPEARE.

TWO tuneful Nymphs, as cloister’d Vestals fair,
 With thrush-like Music, trill the sprightly air;
 Their vig’rous notes exalt the lofty Lay,—
 And each soft Number sweetly dies away.

To me, the linnet’s voice is far less clear
 Than their smooth strains,—they ravish ev’ry ear:
 And tho’ the Song be harsh, they *that* refine,—
 And charm the Soul with melody divine.

LOVE,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ANACREON, CATULLUS, and other old WITS,
 Show us LOVE in his raging and languishing fits;
 And paint him so shrewdly, in carriage and feature,
 We cannot but call him—a *sweet, little Creature!*

But the smug SONNETEERS of this fanciful Age,
 Describe him, by turns, as a pert, ambling Page,—
 A Wag without wit,—or a wan, puling Boy,—
 Who whimpers—for *nothing*,—or plays with a *toy*!

THE
 INDISCRIMINATE TASTE:

FOUNDED ON FACT.

WHEN * tippling Tom the Tavern left,
 The potent punch possession took
 Of half his wits,—and thus bereft,
 He laid him thwart a shallow brook:

And thinking he was still carousing,
 As down his throat the water cours'd,—
 He bellow'd out to cattle browsing—
 “Hold, Sirs!—no more!—I won’t be forc’d!”

* In this, and the subsequent line, may be seen an *admirable*
 instance of *appositely argute Alliteration*!

NONSENSE:

AN EXAMPLE OF HOLIDAY POESY.

“———— full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Shafts of CUPID hurtle in the wind;
The plummy vesture of his MOTHER'S Doves
Seems sweetly swan-like, to th' enamour'd mind;
And all the GRACES look ten-thousand Loves!

* LITERÆ HUMANIORES.

A Scottish PROFESSOR was warmly besought,
By an indigent Scholar, to lend him a *groat* :
“ Good faith !” quoth SIR MENTOR, “ you're void
of reflection ;
With reason your suit hath no sort of connexion :”
To whom the poor Scholar, with face all askew,—
“ You *teach* the HUMANITIES,—*practise* them, too !”

* *Grammar, Rhetoric, and Poetry* ; for teaching of which,
there are PROFESSORS, in the University of Scotland, called
HUMANISTS.

NATURE AND ART :

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S MISTAKING A REAL FOR AN
ARTIFICIAL ROSE.

THE *Art* of old ZEUXIS, we're taught to believe,
(For 'tis roundly asserted) would often deceive,
By its likeness to *Nature*, the keenest-ey'd bird :
But 'twill scarcely gain Faith, at Credulity's Mart,
That *Nature* has once been mistaken for *Art* ;—
Yet, 'tis matter-of-fact, Sirs,—rely on my word !

THE MAN OF GENIUS.

“ Haud facîle emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat,
Res angusta Domi.”

JUV.

WHILE air-swoln Lordlings wield the mace of
Pow'r,
And cringing Knaves to MAMMON's Temple rise,—
The Child of GENIUS, like the desert flow'r,
Obscurely lives,—and oft untimely dies,
Without a Friend his parting Soul to cheer,—
Or requiem chant,—or mourn behind his bier.

ON RECEIVING A SUCKER

BROUGHT FROM THE
REMAINS OF SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY-TREE.

THIS dear little *Twig*, from thy fall'n MULB'RY-
TREE,

I take, O, my SHAKESPEARE ! in honour of THEE :
As the purest, the richest of Di'monds I'll store it ;—
For ever I'll keep it,—and ever adore it !

A FIFTH CARDINAL VIRTUE.

A CARDINAL enter'd a Revelling-Hall,
And cry'd, with a superabundance of gall,
“ My Masters, I come to convert you !”
But, smit with the banquet, he seated him down,—
And wooing the Cup, till his *purpose* had flown,—
Prov'd *Quaffing* a CARDINAL VIRTUE !”

THE USE OF THE GLOBES.

A Gruff GEOGRAPHER to Pupil comes,
And finds his GLOBES employ'd as *Kettledrums* :
“ What *Music* call you *this* ?” quoth he, with sneers ;
Cries TYRO—“ 'Tis the *Music of the SPHERES* !”

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

DESPAIR.

FEW happy days I yet have seen,—
 My Life a bitter draught hath been,—
 From pale Misfortune's canker'd chalice ta'en :
 Self-slaughter Heav'n, in wrath, forbids,—
 Else, soon these weary, grief-swoln lids
 Should veil their orbs,—and ne'er disclose again.

HOPE.

Thoughts on the past I scorn t' employ,
 To cloud the Sun of present joy,—
 Or dim the op'ning Morn of future bliss :
 Alert, on Fairy Ground I stand,—
 And, as I wave my magic wand,
 The laughing PLEASURES ev'ry CARE dismiss.

THE END.

1870

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